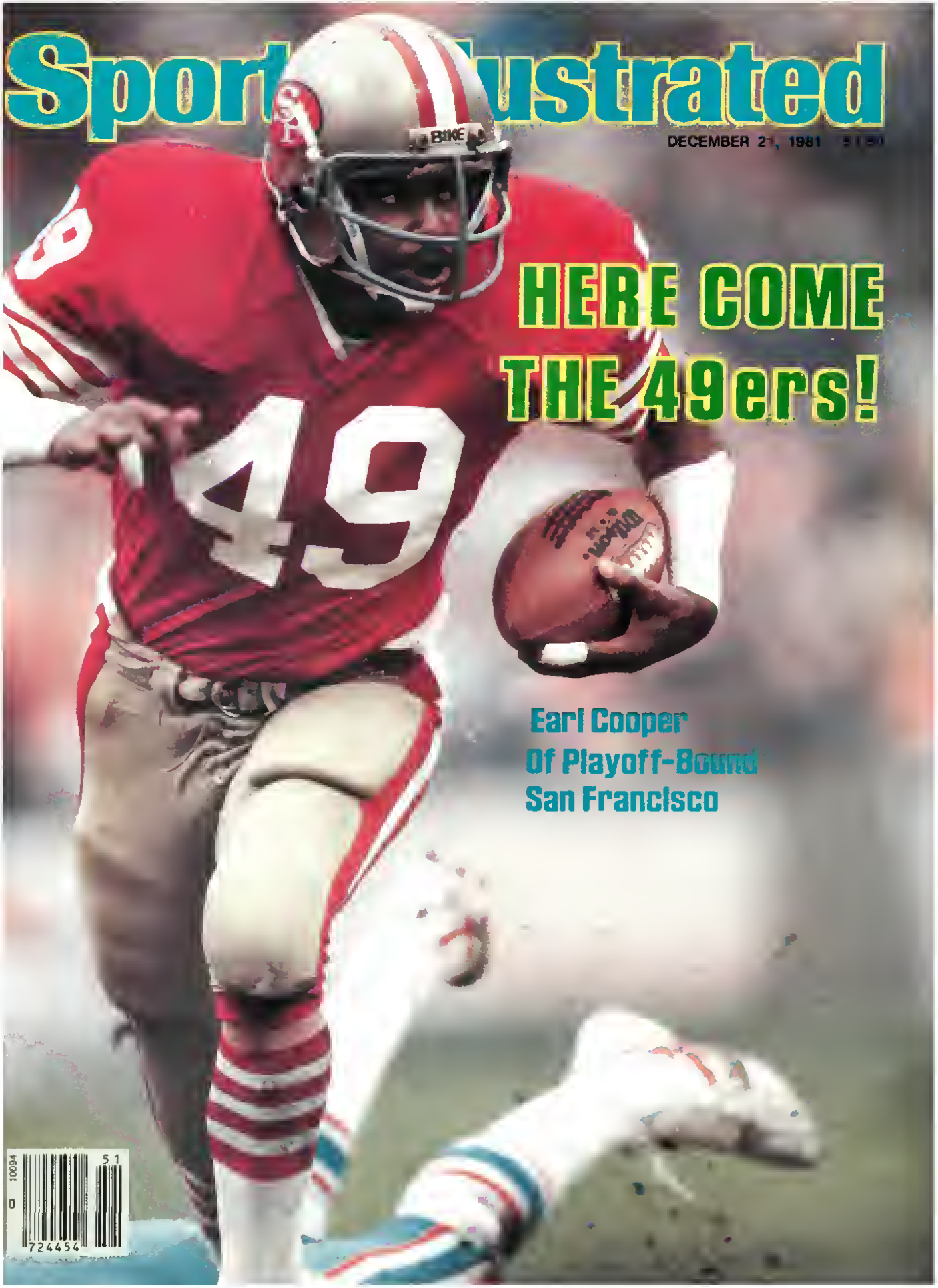
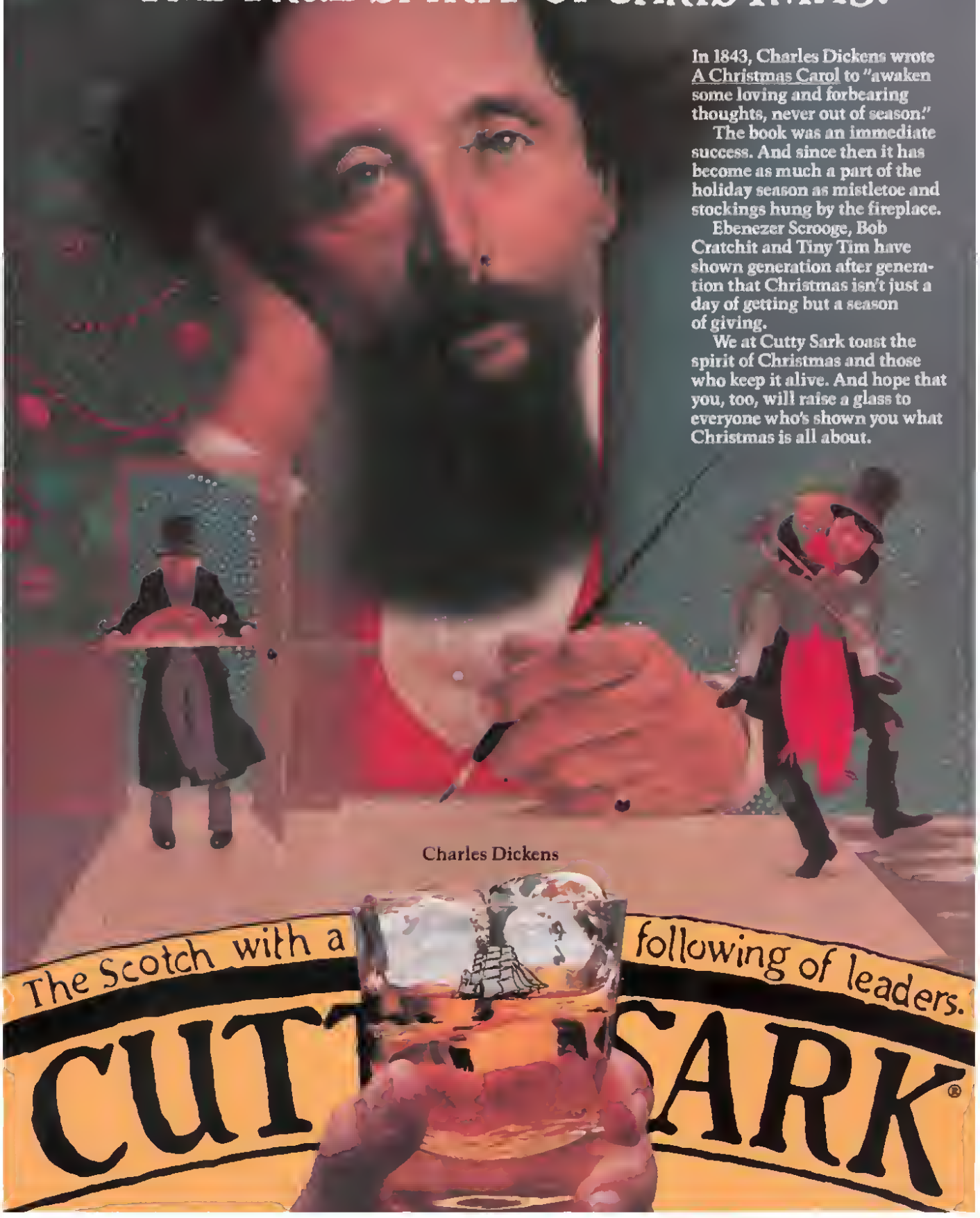

Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 21, 1981
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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TODD SPECIALIZES IN WEIGHTY SUBJECTS

Our most physically imposing story subject ever (not counting elephants and whales) is the 35-year-old French-born professional wrestler Andre the Giant, né Andre Roussimoff, who goes 7′ 4″ and 500 pounds. And it's fitting that our profile of Andre was written by the mightiest man ever to gain a byline in these pages, our 43-year-old expert on strength subjects, Terry Todd, a 6′ 2″, 260-pound former world powerlifting champion.

It's equally apt that the story, which is one of the longest we've run in quite a while, was initially too much for our new space-age computer typesetting system. In the final stages, George Austen of our copy processing department had to spend 10 straight hours coaxing the computer into accepting it. Which is, come to think of it, a lot less time than the 10 years Todd pondered the story before starting work on it.

When he competed in the mid-1960s, Todd weighed 340 pounds and was considered by many experts to be the world's strongest man, but when he met Andre in 1972, he says, "I was stunned by his size. I wanted to write about him." A decade passed, during which Todd wrote two books and more than 60 magazine articles, coached his wife Jan to more than 40 women's powerlifting records and became the director of Auburn University's National Strength Research Center. He also amassed what is surely the world's largest strength library, one batch of books, photos, magazines and clippings, bought back in 1978, weighed in at 18,000 pounds.

Finally, last summer, Todd got around to interviewing Andre. They spent most of a week together on the wrestling tour, Todd feeling "like a rabbit snuggled up to a lion." Todd observes, "Once, while posing for a photograph, I was reaching around him, and I recall thinking, 'What a strange feeling!' My arm was at his waist level, and to reach the other side of his back, I had to stretch my arm almost straight out. And sometimes when we'd talk I'd look at him and get the full impact of being so close to that unbelievable man, and a primordial shiver would go over me. It happened time and again, even after being around him for a long time.

"I've always been attracted to outsized, powerful things. After all, I'm married to Jan, the world's strongest woman; I own two 180-pound mastiffs, and I once had a team of draft horses. That attraction is one of the reasons I got involved in powerlifting and gained the weight I did. That's why I do the things I do now. In February, Jan and I, in conjunction with the Strength Center, will be hosting the Fifth Annual Women's National Powerlifting Championships. Then, in May, we're putting on the Third Annual Strongest Man In Football Contest, and those players are human dreadnoughts. For 20 years I've been around the biggest, strongest men in the world, but nothing I've ever seen prepared me for Andre the Giant."

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Philip D. Hoblet



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Yesterday

by BARCLAY KRUSE

A YOUNG CLIMBER REACHED THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER ATOP MOUNT RAINIER

Mount Rainier has attracted thousands of mountain climbers since the first documented ascent of the 14,410-foot peak in 1870. All have had to cope with Rainier's fickle weather, which can be deadly. Rising as it does in western Washington, Rainier bears the unabated force of storms sweeping across the North Pacific. On stormy days, which can occur at any time of the year, the mountain offers a grim face to mountaineers. Winds can buffet the climber with near-hurricane force. Temperatures can plunge to Arctic extremes in minutes, and when the clouds roll in, visibility is reduced to a few feet.

For the mountaineer of the 19th century, it was challenge enough just to reach the summit by one of the well-explored routes. But in the early part of the 20th century, the climbers sought fresh challenges, and several new and difficult routes were pushed to the top. Still, all mountaineering activity was confined to a few months during the summer.

The clothing and equipment of the day were primitive. Much of the climbing hardware had to be handmade or ordered from Europe, and the cold-weather clothing was bulky and heavy. Climbers were wary of the hazards of a winter ascent—deep snow approaches, few daylight hours, volatile weather. Winter mountaineering was gaining popularity in Europe, but in North America it was viewed as pure folly.

Unsurprisingly, the first winter ascent of Mount Rainier was accomplished by three French Alpinists. Accompanied by a news photographer, they did it by the well-traveled Gibraltar Ledge route in February 1922. American newspapers were enchanted by their courage, and the climb received wide publicity. The Frenchmen had been lucky. They ascended during a period of quiet weather, and the climb was straightforward. In fact, they attained the summit nearly as quickly as summer climbers had. However, their success didn't suddenly motivate others to tackle Rainier in the winter. The National Park Service officially discouraged winter mountaineering. Local climbers, who could just cast a glance at Rainier to see the fury of its winter storms, were happy to heed the warnings. All but one, that is. Rainier's second midwinter ascent, and the first by an American, was undertaken by an eccentric loner with dubious mountaineering credentials. In January 1936, Delmar Fadden, a sensitive, artistic, 23-year-old resident of Seattle, went to Rainier for a midwinter respite from city life. He journeyed to Glacier Basin on the mountain's northeast side, ostensibly to sketch, paint, ski and write a bit of poetry. The story of Fadden's expedition is one of the most poignant tales in American mountaineering history.

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS LUZAK



Fadden had a long history of unusual wilderness wanderings. In the summer of 1932 he made a solo hike across Washington's Olympic Mountains. The adventure took 30 days and nearly killed him. Fadden didn't have the pioneering conquer-the-land mentality that still permeated American mountaineers. He wanted to face nature on its own terms, learning what he could without even the rudimentary equipment of the time. Soon after his parents dropped him off at Lake Quinault on the Western fringe of the Olympics, he destroyed his compass and later burned his map. "I'm free! Whoopee!" he wrote in his journal.

When, at the end of his trek, he arrived at Hood Canal on the eastern edge of the mountains, he had lost 30 pounds and staved off starvation only by foraging for frogs and plant bulbs the last week.

Fadden was no stranger to Mount Rainier. Four times he had attempted to reach the summit. He finally made the top during a solo ascent in September 1933. When the film of his climb turned out blank, he repeated the ascent the next weekend. Again Fadden danced his singular waltz with potential tragedy. As he descended, fog obscured the footprints he'd made on the way up. Time after time he nearly slipped into shrouded crevasses. When he neared his base camp, Fadden got lost. He wandered around for 2½ hours before regaining his bearings. Even with the delays, he made the full round trip of the long Emmons Glacier route in a remarkably fast 18 hours.

Fadden then returned to Rainier in 1936 to tackle his greatest challenge, a winter climb to the summit. He was alone, as he so often preferred to be. Fadden had told his twin brother, Donald, that he would be hiking up into Glacier Basin and might make the trek up to Steamboat Prow—the customary high camp for climbs on Rainier's northeast side, and only a day trip from his base camp in the Basin.

Whether Fadden had made plans to attempt the summit climb at the time he left will never be known, but try for the top he did. When Fadden failed to return home on schedule, his brother notified the Park authorities. A massive search was organized. Some of the best climbers in the Northwest combed the trails and lower basins across the north and east faces of the mountain.

In a few days searchers found tracks leading above Glacier Basin toward Steamboat Prow. A few willow wands, used to mark climbing routes, were spot-

continued


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ted in the glacier above, but facing intensely cold weather, the searchers retreated. They reasoned that if Fadden were still alive and lost high on the mountain, his chances of survival were nonexistent. For the next few days, they focused their efforts on the lower slopes.

Nine days after the alarm was sounded, a search plane sighted Fadden's body, not on the lower reaches, but high on a glacier a mere 1,400 feet below the summit. Five climbers braved sub-zero temperatures to reach the body. What they found solved only part of the puzzle. Fadden had died, quite clearly, as a result of a long fall. His body was frozen into the glacier. One of his crampons, used for walking on hard ice, was missing. The other was partly torn from his boot. His gloves had been ripped off during the fall, and he had lost his ice ax.

A difficult and dangerous evacuation followed. It took three days to drag the body to a waiting hearse at a ranger station 9,400 feet below. The rescue had made news across the country; the *searchers themselves were heroes.*

More pieces of the mystery were quickly unraveled. A roll of film found in Fadden's pocket was developed, and the pictures clearly showed Rainier's summit crater. So Fadden had indeed reached the summit, a most remarkable accomplishment for a lone mountaineer climbing in the dead of winter.

The next summer two local climbers followed Fadden's trail markers and located the remains of his camp in the summit crater. They said empty cans littered the site, evidence that Fadden had spent several nights on the top.

Rainier's summit in winter is surely one of the most inhospitable places on earth. Fadden, it seems, had once again demonstrated his love of the wilderness, a love so intense he would risk his life to experience it.

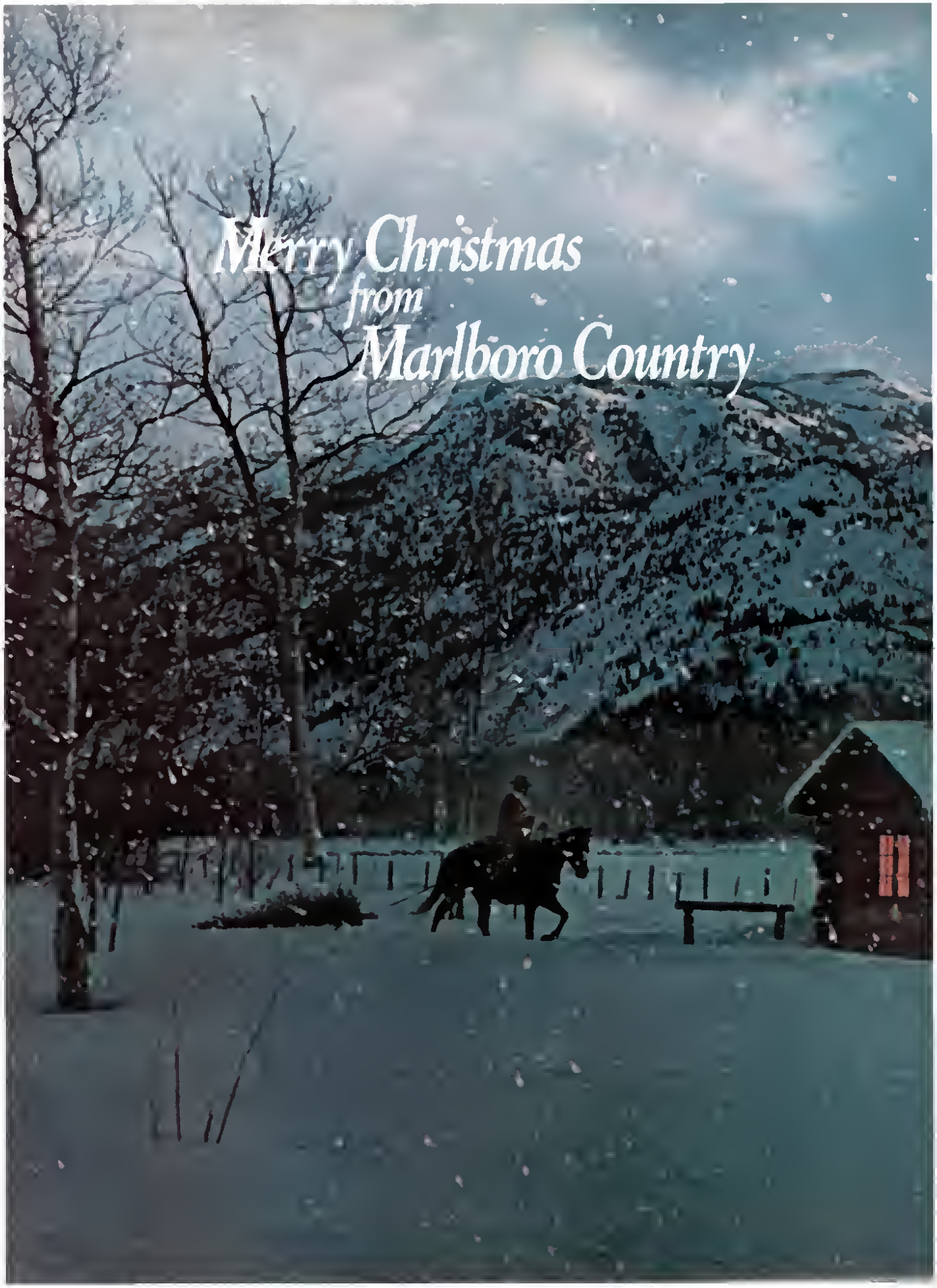
No one will completely understand Fadden's inner workings. Certainly his solitary, eccentric wanderings defied the conservatism of climbers of his time. It appears that Fadden approached the wilderness world not as an aggressor, but as an artist probing its hidden beauties. He must have been so affected by the excitement of discovery that danger was pushed to the back of his mind. It has become a cliché to rationalize the deaths of mountaineers by saying they died doing what made them happy. In the case of Delmar Fadden, it is surely the truth. **END**

Mark Meyer



"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness." ***TIME, June 23, 1980.***

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

HAVE FINALS, WILL TRAVEL

It's a disconcerting fact that when this season's first two college football bowl games were played last weekend, three of the four teams involved—Oklahoma State and Texas A&M, the rivals in Saturday's Independence Bowl in Shreveport, La. (the Aggies won 33–16), and Wisconsin, a 28–21 loser to Tennessee on Sunday in the Garden State Bowl at New Jersey's Giants Stadium—represented schools that were to begin final exams at the start of this week. Please note the dates. The games were played on Dec. 12 and 13, respectively, with exams scheduled to get underway on Dec. 13 at Wisconsin and Dec. 14 at the other two schools (Tennessee's finals ended Dec. 8). Although learning to deal with distractions is certainly part of one's education, it's difficult to fathom how universities could participate in such extravaganzas, ostensibly student activities, hundreds of miles from campus on the eve of exams.

Conflicts between bowls and exams are becoming increasingly frequent. Because they're so lucrative for all concerned, the number of major-college bowl games has doubled, to 16, over the past two decades, with several of the newer ones being held in mid-December to avoid a scheduling logjam on TV. This would be fine except for a simultaneous change in many academic-year calendars. In the early '60s, 80% of all four-year institutions were on the semester system, under which final exams are ordinarily held in middle or late January. This meant that most schools could participate in bowls in December or on New Year's Day with a fair amount of time left for students to prepare for finals. Today only one-fourth of all colleges are on the semester system. Owing largely to a desire to get finals over with before Christmas vacation, most institutions have switched to trimester or quarter systems with exams in early and mid-December.

Besides the Independence and Garden State, the bowls most likely to come in conflict with exams are the Holiday in San Diego and the Tangerine in Orlando, Fla., which are scheduled this year for Dec. 18 and Dec. 19, respectively. For the players, such conflicts are compounded by practice and pregame publicity appearances. A school is free to decline a bowl bid, of course, but this disappoints players and fans and means giving up a lot of money. Nevertheless, because of exams, Stanford passed up the Holiday Bowl last year, and Wisconsin, whose exams run through Dec. 19, ruled out this year's Holiday and Tangerine bowls. The Badgers were saved by the Garden State bid, which they snapped up; participation in a bowl two days before the start of exams was at least preferable to playing in one *during* exams.

Two other schools confronted with a conflict were this year's Tangerine Bowl opponents, Southern Mississippi and Missouri, whose exams had been scheduled to run through Dec. 18 and 19, respectively. Missouri arranged for its players to reschedule their finals as needed, while Southern Mississippi made it easier for ordinary students to go to the game by moving its entire exam schedule ahead by three days. By contrast, Independence Bowl-bound Texas A&M made no such concessions; with exams looming, only 350 of the school's 36,000 students attended the game. Asked by SI's Jill Lieber about this inconvenience, Ralph McFillen, the NCAA's postseason-football spokesman, replied, "To say the bowls exist for the students is wrong. They exist for the communities in which they're played." This startling statement, a contradiction of the NCAA's official position that intercollegiate sport is played by and for students, is an affront to student rooters who faithfully follow their teams all year. It also implies that band members, cheerleaders and players who are obliged to participate in bowls aren't students.

Most conflicts between exams and bowl games could be eliminated by scheduling all the games in late December or early January. However, McFillen says that because of NFL playoffs and other factors, it would be impossible to secure the necessary TV dates. If that's the case, it would be consistent with the NCAA's oft-expressed assurances that academics come before athletics if the early bowl games were simply scrapped. In the meantime, one hopes that Robert Sandmeyer, dean of Oklahoma State's College of Business Administration, was right when he said of the Cowboy players who made the trip to Shreveport: "We assume they took along their books."

YANKEE TYRANT

In his latter-day profession as a leading breeder of harness horses, onetime baseball star Charlie Keller pays due homage



to the New York Yankees, the team he played for during most of a 13-year big league career that ended in 1952. Keller calls his 160-acre Maryland spread Yankeeland Farm and gives his foals names like Smokin Yankee, No No Yankee and Yankee Mama. Two of his horses were called Yankee Mick and Yankee Scooter, in honor of former teammates Mantle and Rizzuto, but those were exceptions. For the most part, says Keller, "I just have a list of names and I go down it."

Which brings us to Yankee Tyrant, owned by a couple of Quebec residents, Lise Casey and Rejean Leger. Contrary to what one might suspect, the horse wasn't named after George Steinbrenner. However, the 10-year-old Keller-bred trotter did wind up having something in common with the New York team's own-

continued



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Suppose we at Ætna Life & Casualty ignored this statistical reality. Sister Sue would pay 40% more for auto insurance so Brother Bob could pay 20% less. Unfair![1]

Now let's sauce the gander. Say we had unisex insurance rates. Collective Bobs would more than chivalrously pay for collective Sues' annuities, since women live to collect longer. *Equally* unfair!

Accusations of Neanderthalism aside, Ætna simply isn't going to toss out cost differences based on criteria like sex and age when the results would be inequitable.[2]

But we *do* have squads of experts studying the impact of changing life patterns on auto, life, and other insurance.[3] And ongoing analysis has already eliminated some risk criteria and instituted others, including *factors you control personally.*

Example: We give young driver-training graduates an average 12.3% discount.[4] And we now reduce individual life premiums for non-smokers.

That's fairer, we think, than changes that would make insurance *less* affordable for a lot of us — men and women alike.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1]According to an Ætna study of auto insurance made in 1979, people generally warmed to the idea of equal rates for different groups. But when they were informed of the effect on their pocketbooks, the majority turned thumbs down.

[2]We admit it can be rankling to be treated as a statistic. But the whole idea of insurance is the pooling of risk among groups of individuals. Those groups are defined by the loss experience of up to millions of cases, and are charged accordingly — what we in insurance call "cost based pricing."

[3]At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty, property, and group insurance.

[4]Ætna also charges less to accident free drivers, for cars less prone to damage or theft, and for homes equipped with burglar and fire alarms. We think *positive incentives* make more sense than experimental policies that turn their backs on actual experience.

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er the other evening at Montreal's Blue Bonnets Raceway, where Yankee Tyrant finished second in the ninth race behind Amour Vic, which made like the Dodgers *in coming from* behind to *win*.

Keller is quick to point out that Steinbrenner isn't the original Yankee tyrant: The horse was foaled two years before Steinbrenner bought the Yankees in 1973 and was given a name, arbitrarily, from among the possibilities on Keller's "list." What's more, although Keller still gets back to Yankee Stadium for an occasional Old-Timers' Game, he says he and Steinbrenner have never met.

By the same token, it should be noted that Fresh Yankee, the illustrious trotter that won $1.3 million after Keller sold her as a yearling filly in 1964 for $900, wasn't named after Billy Martin.

HE'S DOING A GOOD JOB, INITIALLY

The acting general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs is Gerry McNamara, a former NHL goaltender. He has quickly become known as "GM G.M."

THE SANCTITY OF CONTRACTS

A group of dissident major-league owners joined forces yesterday at the winter baseball meetings to try to oust Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. But Montreal Expo President John McHale, a member of the pro-Kuhn faction, insisted that "nothing could happen" to the commissioner because his contract doesn't expire until August 1983. .

News item last week
from Hollywood, Fla.

That must have made interesting reading for former Expo Manager Dick Williams, one of 10 big league skippers fired in the past year with time left on their contracts, as well as for Kuhn himself, who became commissioner in 1969 after the owners fired William Eckert, who had four years to go on *his* contract.

BLIP! BOUNCE! TILT!

The four-day event last month in Chicago in which arcade hotshots supposedly would vie for $400,000 in prizes in a variety of coin-operated game competitions was billed as the Tournament Games Spectacular. But some participants complained that after playing in regionals to qualify for the Chicago showdown, they had to pay their own way to the Windy City, cough up a $1 admission charge as well as entry fees for individual games and even use their own quarters for the games. Worse, some of the winners complained that the prize-money checks they'd been given had bounced.

One party that vowed to make good on its share of the prize money was Atari, Inc., which provided the machines for the Centipede video-game competition and has since sued some of the tournament's sponsors. But even Atari had reason to be embarrassed. It seems that each of the five competitions was divided into open singles (in which both men and women were eligible but, in fact, only men entered) and women's singles, with substantially more prize money offered in the former category. Because gender isn't ordinarily a significant factor in playing coin-operated games, it's hard to understand why everybody didn't compete in the same class. The upshot? The $12,000 open singles prize in the Centipede competition went to Eric Ginner of Mountain View, Calif. and the $4,000 women's prize to Ok-Soo Han of Northridge, Calif., who racked up 53,220 points, 879 more than Ginner. An Atari spokeswoman blithely said, "Ok-Soo Han must be kicking herself for not entering the open class."

Seems to us that a lot of people involved in Tournament Games Spectacular deserve a kick.

FIT TO SERVE

President Reagan recently filled all but one of the 15 posts on his Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, naming former NFL Coach George Allen as the chairman and erstwhile Quarterback Roger Staubach and figure skater Dorothy Hamill, among others, as members. Also appointed to the council was entertainer Wayne Newton, a longtime Reagan booster who staged concerts to raise money for Reagan during the 1980 presidential campaign and who has allowed that he might be interested some day in running for governor of Nevada or the U.S. Senate.

Although his selection raised a few eyebrows, it turns out that Newton isn't totally unqualified for the council, which meets four times a year to mull over ways to promote physical fitness—and which, incidentally, is one of the few government agencies this side of the Pentagon whose budget has been *increased* (from $814,000 last year to $1.1 million). A spokesman for Newton says that the 39-year-old singer has a black belt in karate, rides and trains Arabian horses and swims regularly. The spokesman neglected to mention that during his rise to stardom the 6′ 4″ Newton pared his weight from 275 to 175 pounds. To our mind, that's the most salient biographical fact. Somebody capable of shedding 100 pounds may well be worth heeding on the subject of fitness.

BLESSED BE THE RECOVERY

Following a 10-mile race Saturday morning in Central Park, the sponsoring New York Road Runners Club held an awards presentation in the basement of what exhausted participants agreed was an aptly named locale: the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

HOLD THAT LINE, HOLD THAT FINE

In its game against Wisconsin at Madison last month, Rose Bowl-bound Iowa made only seven first downs, *none* in the second half, but won 17–7 thanks to a stalwart defense that forced the Badgers to commit five turnovers and held them to 43 yards rushing. The Hawkeyes' postgame bus trip to Iowa City proved to be a case of life imitating football. The driver of the bus carrying the team's offensive unit was ticketed near Dubuque for going 70 mph in a 55-mph zone, prompting Coach Hayden Fry to note sadly that the bus's occupants had been stopped all day, anyway. The defensive unit, meanwhile, came through again. Although nobody has figured out how it could have happened, the bus carrying the defensive players wasn't stopped even though it was traveling on the same road, just ahead of the bus that was flagged down.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Lanier, Milwaukee Buck center, literally bowing at the feet of Forward Marques Johnson on the latter's return to the team last week after signing a $1-million-a-year contract to end a protracted holdout. "He's rich, he's cute and, thank God, he's back."

• Ray Gandolf, TV sports correspondent, of the 39-year-old Muhammad Ali: "He floats like an anchor, stings like a moth."

• Joe Kapp, former NFL quarterback, on being hired as the Cal football coach despite having no previous coaching experience: "Howard Cosell coaches 28 NFL teams every week, so I figure I can coach one college team." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 21, 1981

Armed For The Playoffs

Under scholarly Bill Walsh, the 49ers have been a quick study in winning **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Our first play," San Francisco 49er Coach Bill Walsh was saying last Saturday, looking at a little piece of paper, "will be a screen pass to the fullback. Then we'll throw wide to the fullback, then we'll run dives on our third and fourth plays, knock 'em off the ball, surprise 'em, and then we'll come back to Earl Cooper on a quick pitch."

The Houston game was still 18 hours away, but the first 20 plays, virtually the entire first quarter, were neatly penciled in. "We'll change formations on them," he said, "and run our fullback in motion, strong side, and run quick-hitting patterns against the zone. We'll run Dwight Clark on an end-around on about the 12th play, and then we'll go deep to Freddie Solomon out of slot formation."

Neat, clean, everything was accounted for but the score. You could almost hear the click of tumblers as the intricate mechanism was set into motion. Then an old story came to mind, the one about the coach who told his quarterback to "run three plays and punt." So the quarterback ran three plays, which carried down to the opponent's one-yard line, and then punted the ball out of the stadium. "What if things don't go exactly as planned?" Walsh was asked.

"Things never go as planned," he said, smiling at the obvious question. "But sooner or later we'll come back to everything that's down here. Listing them like this makes

continued



Montana rose to the occasion against Houston, completing 18 passes for 204 yards and a TD.





Walsh: searching for the comfort zone.

me feel more secure, and it makes my quarterback feel more secure."

Sunday broke gray and rainy. Upset weather. The fans didn't mind. They gathered early at Candlestick Park, setting up their tailgate parties in the drizzle. Hey, these are our 49ers. The first NFL team to clinch a division title, the first playoff team for San Francisco in nine years, an 11–3 team, tied with Dallas for the best record in pro football. And they've beaten the Cowboys by 31 points. That morning the *San Francisco Examiner* had printed the results of a fan poll to pick an alltime, 36-year 49er team. Walsh, in his third season, was voted the coach; Defensive End Fred Dean and Left Inside Linebacker Jack Reynolds both made the squad even though neither has completed one full season in San Francisco.

The 49ers started their first series on their 12-yard line. The screen from Quarterback Joe Montana to Cooper, the fullback, gained 41 yards. A Montana pass to Cooper picked up six more. Two running plays gave San Francisco nine more and another first down. It was all down there on Walsh's little sheet of paper. Click went the tumblers. A sweep for seven more yards, a quick pitch to Cooper for 21. First down on the Oilers' four. Click.

It was at this point that the argument began in earnest. The Oilers are an aging, flawed team, but still dangerous. And they can still rise up and play goal-line defense. When they stopped the 49ers inches short of a touchdown and then took over and moved the ball back upfield, to the San Francisco 37, you could almost hear the Niners' bubble burst. You had to wonder whether by clinching their division so early—two weeks before—the 49ers had dulled the edge of the sword and set the stage for a case of the playoff blahs.

And as the two teams swatted each other around in a dreary, scoreless first half, you began to wonder whether Walsh's creation was really as sound as he would have you believe or just the product of the parity era in the NFL, in which the teams are so close that a few breaks here or there can produce an 11–3 club out of ordinary clay. That's the trouble with a coach like Walsh, whose appeal is cerebral, who will answer questions logically and directly, cutting through the clichés in proper English. He is so atypical he is suspect. When he talks about his "system"—which is nothing more than finding the proper people to do precisely what he wants them to do, and then using them in ways most suited to their particular talents, and then supplying his own intellect to use them in exactly the right manner to home in on an opponent's weaknesses—he makes it seem so simple that he appears to be tampering with a coaching image. The snarl and the scowl. Closed practices. Woody Hayes and the grapes of wrath.

The 49ers put the Oilers away in the third quarter, which went 21–0. The final score was 28–6, Houston averting a shutout in the last 47 seconds. Walsh had gotten around to all 20 plays on his sheet. He had used that deep pass to Solomon out of the slot on the 49ers' 17th play, and it had gained 34 yards. The end-around to Clark came later than planned, in the third quarter actually, but it picked up 18 yards and launched San Francisco on its second TD drive. And so, the 49ers, now 12–3, had scored their second straight thumping big win when, logically, they could have been expected to come up with those blahs. The week before, they had gone to Cincinnati and put away what was then the NFL's hottest team, 21–3. Somehow the cerebral approach of the 50-year-old Walsh has created a team that not only can run a precise attack—it seems that Walsh's teams have always been capable of that—but can also knock the hell out of you. It is time to take a closer look at this curious coach with as good a record as there is in the NFL.

The system that produced him—the one taught by Bob Bronzan at San Jose State in the early and mid-1950s—was unsung and largely unrecognized in college football, but it produced Walsh,



Archie Reese (78) and Willie Harper put the squeeze on Oiler Back Adger Armstrong.

Philadelphia Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil and Tampa Bay's highly talented defensive coordinator, Tom Bass. "Bob Bronzan was a man ahead of his time," Walsh says. "He was a great theorist, a highly detailed football coach. He coached it as a science, a skilled sport.

"Dick Vermeil was a junior there when I was a graduate assistant. People ask me how well I knew him at that time; well, I can assure you we found each other very quickly. We were very close. I have to smile sometimes when I hear someone comparing his work habits to mine, when he's called a workaholic, while I work more or less normal hours. That's just Dick. He was always like that, in everything. Tremendous industry and drive, like no one else I'd ever seen.

"If he were an auto mechanic instead of a coach, you would find him in the shop at 10 p.m. putting in a new transmission. Dick knows cars. When I was having trouble with mine, he'd come over on the half a day we had off and work on it until it was fixed. I was the kind of person who didn't even know how to open the hood. He used to have barbecues at his house for 10 people and he'd do all the cooking.

"But it's a sad fact that, in the NFL, the way Dick works makes some people nervous. What is your typical NFL club, anyway? At the top you've got an owner who made it quick, who wants things to be done quickly on his club without quite knowing how.





Williamson, one of three rookies in the secondary, breaks up a pass to Mike Holston.

"Under him you've got the general manager, who's positioned firmly within the owner's comfort zone. He demands a large salary for doing very little. Then you've got a personnel man, often a frustrated former player or coach, who justifies his position by sending scouts out.

"Then there's the coach, in there with his assistants at night, looking over the films, again and again, trying to find out what's wrong. And at the same time, there are the owner and general manager and personnel man out having dinner, discussing the team over their third martini. The general manager says, 'Well, I don't know what's wrong. Look, I've got the best facilities and administration and exhibition schedule; I've set up every possibility to do a job.' And the personnel man says, 'We've got the players. I had a great draft. I know because I read it in the papers. But everyone knows Smith is a guard, not a tackle.' And the GM says, 'Everyone knows so-and-so should be playing, and everyone knows so-and-so should be the quarterback.' And then they say, 'What do we do?'

"So they put their heads together and they get a new coach, obviously within the general manager's comfort zone, not too strong a threat, a guy who knows where he got his job from. So the cycle starts all over again and the situation continues to exist. Why? The big money that is made, TV, NFL Films, the hype. Football should get the hype; it's a great sport. But sometimes, well, sometimes the way teams are run makes you wonder."

For many years Walsh existed on the outer fringes of that system, an acknowledged mastermind of offensive football, particularly the quarterback position, but far removed from the comfort zone. Around the league the quarterbacks knew how valuable he was; he was Greg Cook's coach at Cincinnati when Cook burst onto the scene like a rocket as a rookie in 1969; and he guided Ken Anderson to two NFL quarterback titles in the '70s. Dan Fouts still talks about the year Walsh spent with him in San Diego in '76. But when it came time to interview for a head coaching job, something always seemed to go sour, maybe he was too much his own man. The Bengals passed over Walsh in favor of Tiger Johnson, who was fired two years later. The Jets interviewed him and settled for

continued

Lou Holtz, who didn't last the season. He lost out on the Rams' job to George Allen, who didn't even make it through the exhibition season.

So Walsh settled in at Stanford, and the offenses he created were pictures you frame and hang on the wall. "He was a breath of fresh air when he came there," says Guy Benjamin, Walsh's All-America quarterback at Stanford in 1977 and his current back-up to Montana on the 49ers. "He could be tough, he could be tough with the best of them. The good thing was that he never let it get boring. Pro scouts would come to the practices, and they'd wind up copying down our plays and formations and taking them back with them to the NFL."

Walsh's pedigree was impeccable. He broke into the pros under Al Davis at Oakland in 1966 and '67, when the Raiders were first becoming a playoff team. "Al has a great, great football mind," Walsh says. "He was a master at attacking defenses, at fitting a system to his personnel. The Al Davis-Sid Gillman systems of that era probably did more to advance offensive football than anything since Clark Shaughnessy in the '40s."

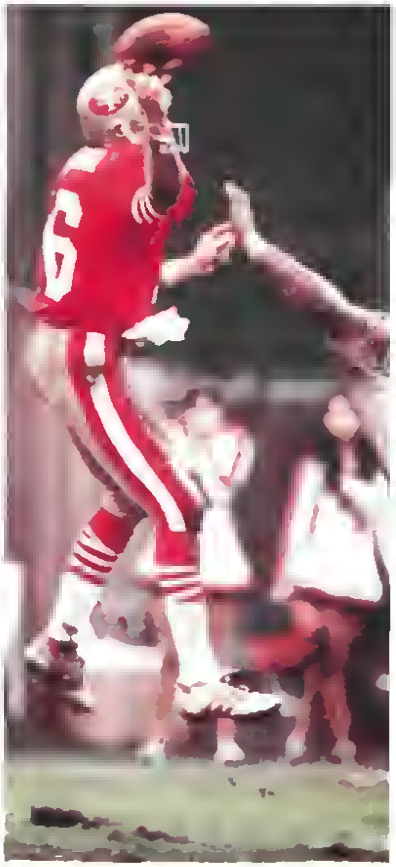
From Al Davis he went to Paul Brown and the Bengals for eight years. "Paul gave you command of your area," Walsh says. "He let you develop and mold your own philosophy. Every now and then he'd make a suggestion. He'd say something like, 'I want more of that swishing and swaying.' He meant more man-in-motion."

For one year, 1976, Walsh worked under Tommy Prothro at San Diego. Then, after two years at Stanford, Walsh got the 49er job in 1979. He knew three things: He'd been stripped of draft choices, he could put together an offense that could move the ball, but God help his defense, and he had to put in his own system and his alone. In an early interview, Walsh was asked if he would bring in a coordinator to install an offense.

"Usually that's step four," Walsh said. "Step five is toward the exit."

For two years his 49er offenses were pretty. He used the passing game as a ball-control device, not exactly a radical concept, but few coaches had refined the technique to the extent he had, or had his ability to find and work on the soft spot of the defense. His '79 and '80 teams set NFL records for passes thrown and completed. He came up with innovations every week.

"He drove us crazy when I was with the Rams and had to play against him," Reynolds says. "He'd add three hours to my practice day. You couldn't type him. You never knew what the hell he'd do. If you had films of the last three games they'd played, you might as well throw them out, because he wouldn't repeat any tendencies."



Airborne, Montana air-mailed the ball . .

But the 49er defenses were disasters, and observers began to wonder if Walsh was just a one-way coach whose talent

To Be Accurate, He's Not Inaccurate

by Rick Telander

Joe Montana looks like the happy-go-lucky kid you sat next to in fourth grade. Blue eyes shining, blond hair wild under a tilted baseball cap, he sits in T shirt and jeans in an empty classroom at the 49ers' training complex, breaking up pretzels and toying with them before putting them into his mouth. At 25 he still has fun with food.

But the innocence of Montana (the name is Italian. "My dad says there used to be a 'g' before the last 'n,'" says Joe) only goes so far. Indeed, with the help of a shrewd offensive system, a patient head coach, teammates who routinely play over their heads and a few exceptional personal skills, Montana has become one of the canniest and most efficient quarterbacks in the NFL.

With one game left in the regular season, Montana, who is in his third year out of Notre Dame, is the second-ranked quarterback in the NFC, behind Dallas' Danny White. He has completed 302 out of 477 passes for 3,459 yards and 17 touchdowns, and thrown just 12 interceptions. His interception rate (2.5%) is the lowest in the NFC, and his 63.3 completion rate is the second best in the NFL. But more impressive than his stats—he had the highest completion percentage in the NFL last year—is Montana's knack for doing whatever it takes to win.

"He's got this resourcefulness, this something that's hard to put into words, that enables him to perform well under pressure," says General Manager-Coach Bill Walsh, who disregarded the negative scouting reports on Montana (inaccurate and inconsistent arm, no touch) and drafted him in the third round in 1979. "Joe's not an intellect, but he's an excellent spontaneous thinker, a keen-witted athlete with a unique field of vision. And he will not choke. Or rather, if he ever does, you'll know everyone else has come apart first.

"I like Joe. The real common denominator for us, I think, is humor, which is needed for open communication. Joe has a good sense of humor."

Earlier this season Montana threw a very bad pass at a critical point in a game, and during the following time-out, Walsh deadpanned, "That was a super throw, Joe."

Montana looked perplexed. "I tried to throw it end over end like you taught me," he told the coach.

It is Walsh, with help from 49ers Quarterback Coach Sam Wyche, who is responsible for turning Montana into a class act. By stressing fundamentals and his unique brand of ball control, Walsh has allowed Montana to develop both his skills and his confidence gradually. By trading away Quarterback Steve DeBerg this summer (DeBerg and Montana shared the starting role last year), Walsh has given Montana peace of mind. By calling the plays but allowing Montana to check off if he wishes, Walsh has given his young quarterback an acceptable blend of discipline and freedom.

lay only on the offensive side of the line. He remained polite and informative, but inwardly he brooded.

"My biggest concern was 'Can this be done? Can I stay together long enough to get it done?' " he says. "I'd taken over a team that had experienced a crushing succession of losses, a team with almost no draft choices coming up. I needed time and I needed patience from everyone. During those two years I felt that the team was a puzzle I was trying to put together, but half the pieces were missing. Those pieces were on defense. They just weren't there."

This year they arrived in the persons of Dean and Reynolds and the three rookies who injected a jolt of electricity into the secondary: Ronnie Lott, Eric Wright and Carlton Williamson. All of a sudden the 49ers became a defensive team that could win the low-scoring games. For two years the Niners had scored no defensive touchdowns, but in a space of three games this season they came up with four. When they went to Cincinnati, they faced a Bengal team that had averaged 35.4 points in its last five games. They held Cincinnati to three. The Bengals had allowed five turnovers in their previous five games; San Francisco forced six. Walsh points to that game as a capsule of what he has been trying to achieve this year: a grind-it-out offense that could put together long drives, and a shocking, quick-striking defense.

"The role of the defense was to go in and hit them so hard and so quick that we'd shatter them, we'd shock them," he says. "We don't have massive people; we don't have the gigantic linemen or linebackers. But we're quick strikers, hard, punishing tacklers. Well, we did that against Cincinnati and we held the ball on offense. When you can do that, you erode their defensive game plan from the start. You attack the game plan itself. It's not like completing a 90-yard pass. That will get a defense fired up. They'll say, 'Dammit, you won't do that again!' I want them saying, over and over again, 'Dammit, we've got to stop them from making first downs. Dammit, they just completed that five-yard pass again.' "

Walsh remembers his Bengal teams that went into the playoffs happy just to be there, and he remembers their early departures. He says the motivation now is "to improve the level of our play by 15 to 20 percent, up to the level you need for sustained playoff football."

"It's almost there," he said in the locker room after the Houston game. "Are we a Super Bowl team? I think our chances are as good as anybody's. I don't know if we could thoroughly dominate anybody, but we could be in a 17–14 game we'd win. Right now there isn't anybody in the league we can't play."

And maybe, after it's all over in January, Walsh will find that he has actually arrived at that ever so elusive place, the comfort zone. **END**



. . . to Clark to give the 49ers a 21–0 lead.

Because Montana has a good but not overpowering arm—"It's similar to Fouts's," says Walsh, "in the 90th percentile"—the coach has designed plays that keep Montana's throws within modest limits. The comfort of this custom-tailored system has boosted his confidence to the point where he now believes, "If I've got the time, which I usually do, it's impossible to stop this offense."

For a quarterback whose body dresses out punier than it lists (6′ 2″, 195 pounds) and who didn't start a full season in college until his *fifth year*—he was redshirted as a *junior*—Montana seems suspect as an NFL star. But beneath the little-kid exterior is a veteran scrapper who hates to lose at anything, as Wide Receiver Dwight Clark says, "From Ping-Pong on up." And inside that gawky body is certified athletic talent.

In high school in Monongahela, Pa., Montana starred in baseball and was All-America in football and all-state in basketball. Until Notre Dame offered him a scholarship in football, Montana was set to go to North Carolina State on a basketball ride.

If one thing has hindered Montana's athletic career, it is that he has never been a great practice player. At Notre Dame he once calculated that he was the seventh-string quarterback—barely. About the only way he was able to rise above the ordinary was to get himself inserted into desperate game situations and demonstrate a sort of mad composure, something he does exceptionally well. As a sophomore in 1975, for instance, he came off the bench in the third quarter of the Notre Dame-Air Force game with Notre Dame *trailing by 20 points*, and led the team to a 31–30 win.

Montana's most heroic effort came in the 1979 Cotton Bowl game against Houston, played in the aftermath of an ice storm. Suffering from an acute chill that had lowered his body temperature to 96° and nearly paralyzed him with shivering, he had to stay in the locker room after the half with his body wrapped in blankets while a trainer poured hot fluids into him. Queasy and stiff, he reentered the game late in the third period with Houston leading 34–12. Montana then engineered a crazed offensive assault that didn't end until the last seconds of the game, when his touchdown pass to Split End Kris Haines gave Notre Dame a 35–34 victory.

Montana's wildest pro performance came in last year's second 49ers-Saints game when he completed 16 passes for 258 yards in the second half and rallied San Francisco from a 28-point halftime deficit to an overtime victory. That stands as the greatest second-half comeback in NFL history.

"Joe has greatness within him," says Walsh, *who feels Montana is about three* years from full flower. "His comprehension and mastery of the system is the key." Montana has cheerfully settled in for the learning process. He lives with his wife and two horses on a small farm he recently purchased on a mountain south of San Francisco. Montana describes himself as "quiet and sort of laid-back" and doesn't anticipate any character changes due to his growing fame. "How can I be cocky?" he asks, dropping the last pretzel bit down his throat. "Every morning I have to get up and shovel horse manure."

Troubled Doubles And A Singular Singles

The U.S. won two tense matches to defeat Argentina for the Davis Cup

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Once again John McEnroe stood as a lonely, misunderstood genius. This time the setting was Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum, where last weekend he almost single-handedly defeated Argentina to win the Davis Cup for the U.S. Threatened from within his own circle and by his two opponents, who put aside their own petty differences and waged a surprisingly gallant fight, McEnroe performed throughout with a determined look that seemed to say, "I'm the best, like me or not."

After routing Guillermo Vilas 6–3, 6–2, 6–2 in the opening match on Friday, Mac won two dogfights that went the distance. On Saturday he and his longtime doubles partner, Peter Fleming, edged Vilas and Jose-Luis Clerc 6–3, 4–6, 6–4, 4–6, 11–9 to put the U.S. up two matches to one. The day before, Roscoe Tanner, the U.S.'s No. 2 singles player, had lost 7–5, 6–3, 8–6 to Clerc. Then on Sunday McEnroe clinched the Cup with a 7–5, 5–7, 6–3, 3–6, 6–3 defeat of Clerc. In different ways all three victories once again illustrated that, however boorish he can be, McEnroe is a champion patriot.

Clerc, who had beaten McEnroe in their previous four matches, served and passed so well on Sunday that at one point Mac yelled, "This guy is out of his mind!" When Clerc won the second set after being down three set points, he grew more and more confident, while McEnroe, uncharacteristically mute, could only fall to the court in disbelief at several close line calls.

But the fifth set was different. From McEnroe, no agonizing or snarling, just textbook tennis and a lot of fist-waving after his many great shots. He won the first point on Clerc's serve four straight times and lost only four points on his own service. At match point, after Clerc fouled off another monster serve, McEnroe threw his hands roofward, hurdled the net, jumped into the arms of Captain Arthur Ashe and trainer Bill Norris and high-fived everyone in sight. The victory capped a year in which McEnroe won Wimbledon, the U.S. Open and three points in the Davis Cup final.

The Davis Cup served as sweet revenge for McEnroe. Last year, in front of a boisterous crowd in Buenos Aires, he lost to both Clerc and Vilas on clay as Argentina routed the U.S. in the American Zone final. But last week's was sure to be different. Not only would the match against Argentina be contested in the U.S. and on a faster, rubberized surface that suits McEnroe's game, but it also appeared that Jimmy Connors would be playing the other singles with McEnroe. Mac and Jimbo had teamed to beat Czechoslovakia, the defending champion, in July, and while Connors had missed the semifinals, a 5–0 rout of Australia, everyone hoped he'd show up in Cincinnati.

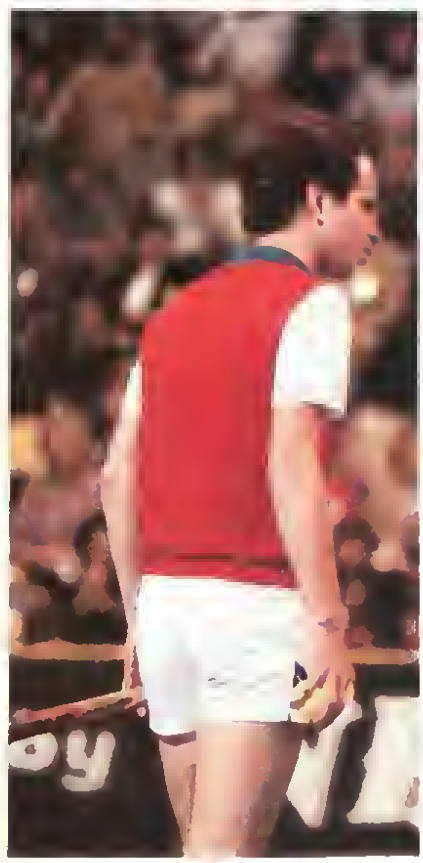
Then, on Nov. 25 Ashe announced that McEnroe and Tanner would play the singles against Argentina, just as they had against Australia. Connors' absence was attributed to everything from a prearranged ski trip to needed time with his family to a desire to rest. Whatever, on Thursday night during a cable TV call-in show on which Ashe was the guest, the phone rang and Jimbo was on the line, wishing the skipper the best of luck. "It would be a lot easier if you were with us," said Ashe.

Earlier in the week, Ashe declared that he was prepared to default the U.S. team if its court deportment got out of hand. This was a thinly veiled threat to McEnroe and Fleming, whose outbursts in their doubles match against Australia had embarrassed the captain. Ashe's remark sent reporters running to McEnroe, who replied, "Why do you guys write about that stuff? All you want to do is sell newspapers."

Meanwhile, the news out of the Argentine camp was also less than melodious. There has been bad blood between Clerc and Vilas ever since Clerc, ranked fifth in the world, replaced Vilas, No. 6, earlier this year as Argentina's top player. Specifically, Vilas demanded he be paid a larger percentage of the prize money than Clerc for appearing in international team competition. "They play tennis," said Pato Rodriguez, Clerc's coach. "Not necessary, friends. How many friends you have?"

In a 15,000-seat arena that was only half full, McEnroe needed just 94 minutes to put away Vilas. As McEnroe had done against Bjorn Borg at the U.S. Open, he jumped all over Vilas' second serve. Afterward, Vilas declined to visit the interview room, prompting a cynical reporter, who knew that Vilas writes verse, to yell, "Ask him to send a poem." Vilas didn't oblige.

A short time later, Clerc whipped Tanner. More than any other top player, Tanner must serve well to be effective, and on this day he put in only 43% of his first deliveries. Clerc broke service six



An irate Ashe ordered McEnroe to cool off and stick to tennis in Saturday's doubles.



Fleming and McEnroe needed five hours and five sets to win

times and performed superbly from the baseline

Heretofore, Vilas and Clerc had given little indication that they were a major league doubles team. They rarely play doubles in tournaments and when they do it's usually not with each other. Certainly no one believed they would provide much competition for McEnroe and Fleming, this year's Wimbledon and U.S. Open champs. Yet they nearly pulled off one of the biggest upsets in Davis Cup history.

The match lasted almost five hours and threatened to turn into a slugfest. Unnerved by the gamesmanship of Clerc and Vilas, and brought to short temper by the closeness of the match, McEnroe lashed out at friend and foe. "We'll see who wins!" he yelled at a group of Argentine fans deriding his efforts.

After the U.S. had won the opening set, Vilas and Clerc switched sides, Vilas going to the deuce court, and played defensively. When receiving serve, both stood well back of the baseline and lobbed often to give themselves more time to get McEnroe's and Fleming's powerful serves and volleys.

Thrown off by these adjustments as well as by subtle delaying tactics, McEnroe and Fleming dropped the second set but recovered to win the third. Suddenly, Vilas and Clerc were packing their bags and were about to leave the court for the 10-minute intermission, although they were aware that the intermission had been waived because of a 23-minute delay in the second set to repair the court. As an exasperated McEnroe stood waiting to serve, he sarcastically screamed to Vilas, "Let me know when you're ready, all right? We got all afternoon."

When all four players converged, shouting and gesticulating, Ashe ran onto the court, stood before McEnroe and pointed, indicating he should get on with his business. Grudgingly, McEnroe retreated and served out the opening game. On the changeover, after McEnroe and Clerc exchanged additional words, Ashe engaged McEnroe and Fleming in a blistering conversation. Finally, as the players again returned to the court, Clerc said, "You so nice" to McEnroe, who responded with an obscenity. That brought Ashe out again, and the captain and McEnroe acted as if they were about to square off.

The rest of the afternoon, Ashe sat emotionless on the sideline, a caretaker more than a coach, occasionally rearranging a towel. He hadn't talked to McEnroe during his singles match on Friday, and now he didn't even look at him.

After McEnroe and Fleming pulled out the victory, thanks to some fantastic saves at net and Vilas' inability to serve out the win at 7–6 in the fifth set—McEnroe-Fleming broke at love by blitzing back four returns—everyone wanted to talk more about tennis manners than tennis strokes. "Brat boy," said Clerc of McEnroe. "He so brat on court."

"All they're worried about is messing you up," said McEnroe. "They're not a doubles team. We're a doubles team. They're all gamesmanship. If people don't think Davis Cup is different from a regular tournament, then they didn't see what happened out there today."

But on Sunday everyone was talking about McEnroe's racket, not his mouth. Clerc, gracious after his loss to McEnroe, said he had forgotten about Saturday, and Ashe said he was happy. As McEnroe pointed out, "When you win the Davis Cup, a lot is forgotten." END



Not With A Bang But A Whisper

After losing to Trevor Berbick, a subdued Muhammad Ali softly admitted that his illustrious career had come to an end **by WILLIAM NACK**

With his suit coat off and his tie loosened, Muhammad Ali perched on the edge of a couch in a villa in Nassau and for 40 minutes put on his most engaging entertainment of the week. "You want to see a magic show?" he had asked, opening up a black and red attaché case. In the time it would take to go 10 rounds, the former heavyweight champion of the world turned half dollars into quarters and pennies into dimes, explaining the tricks as he went along. He made a small handkerchief and a candle disappear. He mysteriously transferred a foam rubber ball from his left hand to a guest's right. And he folded a silk hankie into quarters on the table and made it flutter up, phantomlike, as he chanted: "Rise, ghost. Rise, ghost. Rise. . . ."

This was last Saturday afternoon, and Ali's magic show stood as an ironic denouement to most of the preceding now-you-see-it, now-you-don't week. There was only one ghost in the Bahamas, and it was Muhammad Ali, and the only magic he had left was that which he performed in his villa on—further irony—Paradise Island.

The evening before, in a ring set up in a decaying sandlot baseball stadium, the 39-year-old former three-time champ embarrassed himself the same way his old adversary, Joe Frazier, had done in Chicago eight days earlier. In his first fight since heavyweight champion Larry Holmes beat him up in Las Vegas 14 months ago, Ali lost a unanimous 10-round decision to 28-year-old Trevor Berbick, a Jamaican who now lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia and is ranked fourth by the WBA. Until Friday, Berbick was best remembered for losing a decision to Holmes last April 11, and best forgotten for knocking out John Tate after chasing him across the ring and striking him on the back of the head.

The Ali-Berbick fight had little to recommend it: One of the greatest fighters of all time nearly bereft of the means not only to do damage but also to defend himself, facing an artless, often awkward opponent. Yet this lamentable affair was, in a way, an appropriate capstone to what veteran trainer Eddie Futch, who has spent 50 of his 70 years in the boxing business, called the most disorganized boxing promotion he had ever seen. "This is the worst I've ever been in," he said. "I thought at my age I wouldn't run



In his prime, Ali would have rolled with the punches from a heavyweight like Berbick.

into anything that wasn't a second-time-around thing. But this is definitely a first. They were consistent—they did everything wrong all the way through."

For weeks there were rumors that the promoter—Sports Internationale (Bahamas) Ltd.—and its show were on the verge of collapse. Not only did the card include Ali, who received $11 million, and Berbick, in for $350,000, but also Thomas Hearns, at a reported $500,000, and heavyweight contender Greg Page for $50,000. Even the old war horse, Earnie Shavers, was to get $140,000 for fighting someone named Jeff Sims. Some of the money to pay for the show was to come from pay television, but where all of it was coming from—and who raised it—was never clear.

The president of Sports Internationale, James C. Cornelius, was described in press handouts as "a Los Angeles-based entrepreneur." Tall and angular, he was a highly visible if remote and unresponsive presence all week. The promotion was the object of controversy before the fight, and so was Cornelius. The previous Sunday, New York promoter Don King was in Freeport, the Bahamas, where, he said, five men burst into his room and beat him up. King had been there to talk with Berbick, who was training in Freeport. King claimed that he had an option on Berbick's next fight, and that Berbick had violated their agreement when he signed to meet Ali. King said he had flown to Freeport to work out an accommodation with Berbick. A few days after the attack, for which he says he was hospitalized, King charged in New York that Cornelius was one of those who had assaulted him. "Bull," Cornelius said.

Meanwhile, Berbick announced he would not step into the ring until he had been paid his entire purse; he had been given $100,000 and wanted the remaining $250,000. On Thursday, trying to save his promotion, Cornelius and three sidekicks went to Berbick's room with a letter of credit. Whatever the paper was worth, it wasn't enough, and Berbick shouted them out of the room.

While the promotion lurched from one crisis to another, the central character in the drama—the very reason for its being—held his final workout on Tuesday and rolled with the punches. Ali had arrived in the Bahamas on Sept. 21 weighing 249 pounds. He had long since convinced himself that he wasn't washed up; that the beating Holmes had inflicted on him was the result of his being weakened by thyroid pills; that so slow and inexperienced a fellow as Berbick—he'd had 22 fights since he had turned pro in 1976, of which he had won 19, 17 of them by knockout—would surely be easy pickings; and that, five months after beating Berbick, he would thrash Mike Weaver, the WBA heavyweight champ, and retire with that title.



When Ali connected, it was more like a push than a punch.

"Four times champion!" went the refrain, borrowed from Ali's fight against Holmes. "Four times! The stage is set. All the critics are here. They're gonna be all messed up. I've just gotta kick behind. Oh, man, oh does this feel good. I can't wait to see their faces when I win . . . the big day's comin'! The miracle. The world of critics. *I'll* make 'em bow. Crawl. They have motivated me. I need motivating!"

Ali had said, "I shall return" after the Holmes fight, but finding a place to return to wasn't so simple. Concerned about Ali's health and his eroded skills, several commissions wanted none of the responsibility inherent in allowing him to fight.

But the Bahamas welcomed him. "I made boxing," Ali said. "I made it possible for them to say, 'Gimme 12 million.' Those suckers couldn't ask for a million till I came along. I built the audience. And they put me in exile. The whole world was watching boxing because of me. My talking. My poems. My predicting. My shuffle . . . Then they ran me out of the country because I had a bad night."

The concern for Ali's health was widespread and legitimate. Two physicians, including his former doctor, Ferdie Pacheco, had stated that Ali was suffering brain damage from having absorbed too many blows. His speech had slowed and was occasionally slurred. Worried himself, and wanting to put the question to rest before fighting Berbick, Ali submitted to a series of tests two months ago at New York University under the supervision of Dr. Harry Demopoulos, a professor of pathology. Demopoulos said the tests, along with others administered at UCLA and the Mayo Clinic, included a CAT scan, neurological exams, electroencephalograms and blood checks.

Demopoulos said that 30 doctors were involved in the studies and that they all came to the same conclusion: "There's absolutely no evidence that Muhammad has sustained any injury to any vital organ—brain, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs—nervous system, or muscle or bone systems. His blood tests indicate he has the vessels of a young man."

And the slurring? "We think it's a psychosocial response," Demopoulos said. "If the slurring were due to permanent damage, it would be there all the time." It occurs under certain circumstances, Demopoulos said, such as when Ali is under stress or when he is fatigued. The Bahamian minister of sports, youth and community affairs, Kendel Nottage, approved the fight. "I was shown a number of medical reports, and they were satisfactory to me," Nottage said.

That Ali would be 40 in a month was, of course, an illusion, a trick of time that

continued





On the ropes or off, Berbick got over and under Ali's guard often enough to win the decision on the cards of all three judges.

he could conceal in the palm of his hand. To Ali, it was still Oct. 1, 1975, when he beat Joe Frazier in the Philippines, his last great fight. "Forty is fun because life has just begun," Ali said. "Age is mind over matter—as long as you don't mind, it don't matter. . . . I'm like I was in Manila. I'm movin' and punchin' now like in Manila. . . . Ten rounds is so simple. I can sizzle and dance for 10 rounds. This man stands still and waits. . . . Berbick's easy to hit. He's so easy to hit that he gets mad if you miss him."

Ali said he was in training for the 11 weeks that he was in the Bahamas—"I'm in such good shape," he said—but there were days when he hiked far longer than he ran, wearing a rubber corset as he trudged through town, his midriff jiggling. One morning, in the company of two British writers, Ali walked through his roadwork, shadowboxed desultorily along the way, jogged about 50 yards, then climbed into a waiting limousine that took him back to his hotel. Lounging on his bed three days before the fight, he talked of a book he had in mind.

"On middle age and me," he said to several onlookers. "How to get in shape. What you do every day. For 10 weeks. How many rounds on the speed bag." The title: *How to Do It Like Me.*

Only one man has ever done it his way, forever promising to dance. "Stay out of range," he said, sitting up in bed. "Pop! Pop! On my toes. In range. Out of range. Pop! Pow! Building points. See how fast they come."

Ali's longtime trainer, Angelo Dundee, had just arrived from Miami, and was watching him. Dundee had tried to dissuade Ali from coming back, but he had been with him too long to desert him now. Ali stopped throwing punches in the light of the half-darkened room.

"The hand speed is still there," Dundee said. "Once he starts cooking with his jab, he'll be home free."

"Oh, guess what?" Ali said. "I had a four-round brawl with Hearns and it was right on."

"With Tommy?" Dundee said.

"Stickin' and jabbin'," Ali said. "Over his jab. Trading punches. Getting him in the corners. One on one."

"I love you goin' with little guys," Dundee said. "I love it!"

"He's tall, fast."

"I like it, I like it," Dundee said.

Ali told his audience to believe. He said he would soon be the biggest hero of all time. "If I win six rounds and lose four, ain't it my fight?" he asked Dundee.

"Right."

"I ain't gonna lose that many."

"You're gonna win 10 out of 10," Angelo said. "If you don't knock the sucker out with a good right hand. This guy don't throw that much glove. He's a bit of a clown. He'll try to con you. He won't be able to hit you. You'll do a number on this guy."

"As long as I'm on my toes, poppin' and movin', I'll win—right?"

"Every round," said a voice from the back of the room.

A few minutes later a parade of visiting children came by to say hello, and just before they left Ali asked them, "Hey, kids, can I show you some magic?"

As it turned out, there were moments when the whole promotion needed some magic. Berbick persisted in his demands for the balance of his guarantee—$250,000—and through the entire afternoon of the fight held out for it. When the promotion was floundering a few weeks before, it was apparently saved by the appearance of another enigmatic figure, Victor Sayyah, a Denver businessman who carried a briefcase wherever he went. At 5:40 p.m. Friday, a few minutes after Berbick's trainer, Lee Black, had announced that Berbick would fight—more TV money had materialized, he

said—the bespectacled Sayyah strode into Berbick's room in the Harbour Cove Hotel. Berbick clapped his hands when Sayyah appeared with whatever it was he had in his magic case. With barely five hours remaining to the bell, the fighter had finally agreed to fight.

Fighters, fans and press made off across town to the Queen Elizabeth Sports Centre to witness "The Drama in Bahama," as the promoters called it, or "The Trauma in the Bahamas," as the press had lately dubbed it. The scene there was no less chaotic. Ali, Berbick and Hearns had their own dressing rooms, but the rest of the fighters—including Scott LeDoux, Page, Shavers and former light heavyweight champion Eddie Mustafa Muhammad—were assigned to a sweltering locker room in which they shadowboxed side by side.

"Now I know what the gladiators felt like in Rome," said LeDoux, who was to fight Page. "Ever see the movie *Spartacus*? The gladiators all waited together in one pit. This is unbelievable." The promoters had forgotten to supply equipment, and judge Jay Edson dashed about looking for trainers. "There are two pairs of gloves for the whole show," he said. "I'm trying to grab the trainers to tell them not to cut off the laces."

There was no official timepiece, so a hasty search was made and someone came up with a stopwatch. Then it was discovered that they had forgotten to bring a bell, but television promoter Sheldon Saltman dug through his sound truck and uncovered a cowbell.

When the fights began, Mustafa dispatched his opponent, Mike Hardin, in eight rounds; Hearns, fighting now as a middleweight after losing the welterweight title to Sugar Ray Leonard three months ago, bloodied and beat Ernie Singletary; and old Shavers got off the deck to knock out Sims. LeDoux had provoked Page in the days before their fight and got into a fight with Page's brother in the hotel elevator, so Page punished him for it in the ring. In a frightful show of malice, the superior Page rolled his hips, made faces and faked swoons, taunting LeDoux to no purpose but to humiliate him publicly. Finally, belatedly and mercifully, Page knocked LeDoux out in the fourth round.

It was in the wake of this appalling scene, in the middle of a tired baseball field on a small island in the Atlantic, that Muhammad Ali, who had fought so much of his career with such style and grace, made his last fight. Looking paunchy at 236¼ pounds to Berbick's 218, the master of illusion revealed himself as the quintessential victim of self-delusion. The truth is, Ali had never really learned how to fight. What elevated him and sustained him in his most creative years were his surpassing hand and foot speed, his remarkable reflexes and strength and what someone called his "dazzling unorthodoxy." Without the natural gifts, only the unorthodoxy remained, and against Berbick he appeared too often like an unschooled amateur.

"The timing wasn't there and the reflexes weren't there," he said afterward. "I could tell I was 40." And so could everyone else.

Ali jabbed, and there were phantom flashes of the jab that used to snap. Now and again he shot out the right as of old, but more often he flailed weakly with his arms, pushing and patty-caking and failing to turn his punches. When they landed, they struck without voltage. "His punches had nothing," said Edson. "It was like a pillow fight." Berbick never hurt Ali, but he was the aggressor, scoring most heavily with windmill body attacks that had Ali wincing and covering up against the ropes. These assaults were fitful, and Berbick had little else to offer.

Ali drew cheers when he danced for a few moments in the eighth round, but the cheering was as brief as the roadwork behind him. He was tired by the seventh round, when he figured he was beat, and there was nothing left to dance with. And he lost the last two rounds, retreating as Berbick flailed away. "I think I'm too old," he said. "I was slow. I was weak. Nothing but Father Time."

The eyes saw the openings and they conveyed the message. But the body couldn't react. "The things I wanted to do, I couldn't do," Ali said. "I was doing my best. I did good for a 39-year-old." But his best wasn't good enough. Judges Alanza Butler and Clyde Gray scored it 97–94 and 99–94, while Edson made it 99–94. All for Berbick.

Ali has retired more than once before, but now he says this is the end. "I think I'm finished," he said. "I know it's the end. I'm not crazy. After Holmes, I had excuses. I was too light. Didn't breathe right. No excuses this time. I'm happy. I'm still pretty. I could have a black eye. Broken teeth. Split lips. I think I came out all right for an old man."

An hour later he was back in his villa doing magic tricks, the only ones he still had left in his bag. As the guests got ready to leave, he said softly, "I didn't get knocked out. Didn't get knocked down. I lost, but not like other fighters, like George Foreman and Ken Norton. '7 . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10.' I lost, but I lost honorably." He was sitting on the couch now, with his head back. He had fought professionally for 21 years, won the title three times and beaten the best fighters of his day with uncommon talent, courage and cunning.

"I'm tired," he said. And he closed his eyes. **END**



Before the ninth round, Dundee (left) and Bundini Brown had to lift Ali off the stool.



In last week's overtime victory over Illinois, Stipanovich had 12 points and 12 rebounds.

The young man's tale was bizarre, combining elements from the works of two of his distinguished predecessors at the University of Missouri: Tennessee Williams, the playwright, and Mort Walker, the Beetle Bailey cartoonist.

Steve Stipanovich, Missouri's 6′ 11″ junior center, explained to police he was alone in the house on Sunrise Drive in Columbia, Mo. on the evening of Dec. 27, 1980 when a man wearing a ski mask, a red-checked flannel shirt and cowboy boots broke a pane of glass in the front door, entered the house, proceeded to the bedroom at the rear of the residence in which Stipanovich lay reading, began shouting obscenities against basketball players and opened fire with a rifle. Three bullets struck Stipanovich's mattress, after which the intruder picked up a revolver from a table, shot Stipanovich in the left shoulder and fled. Overnight reports of the assault understandably alarmed university officials and Missouri players and their parents, and sent shock waves through the entire state, in which Stipanovich was regarded the archetypal all-American boy.

The next day, however, Stipanovich gave a different account: He had accidentally shot himself. Because the police report of the whole affair was sketchy and because Stipanovich and his family didn't offer further explanation, lunatic

Reverberation Of A Gunshot

Mizzou Center Steve Stipanovich wounded himself a year ago and then made up a tale he's just now living down **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



rumors began to circulate. Stipanovich was taking and/or dealing drugs. He was sleeping with prostitutes and/or the wife of the athletic director. He was homosexual, depressed, suicidal. He wanted an excuse to get out of practice. He was betting on games and had been the target of an underworld assassin.

In a society permeated by the Watergate syndrome, that Stipanovich changed his story, even if the new version was more plausible, left both accounts open to question. Few people, it seemed, would accept the truth: that Stipanovich simply had come across a pistol he had forgotten about in a closet. He had flipped the gun onto his bed, and upon impact a bullet had been discharged, grazing his shoulder. Then, perhaps feeling the pressure of being a public figure and certainly failing to comprehend the gravity of his act, he had panicked and concocted a lie to avoid embarrassment. When Stipanovich's second story got out, suddenly he was no longer just another star basketball player but a certified weirdo.

In the spring of 1979, after Stipanovich had led DeSmet Jesuit High in suburban St. Louis to a two-year 63–1 record in basketball and its second straight Missouri Class 4A championship, he was linked with Ralph Sampson and Sam Bowie as one of the three finest schoolboy centers in the land. But while Bowie of Kentucky made the U.S. Olympic team in 1980 and Sampson of Virginia was named Player of the Year last season, Stipanovich was only second-team All-Big Eight in each of his first two seasons at Missouri. Still, he has lifted the Tigers to two conference championships. This season, with Sampson and Bowie among the lame, Stipanovich had led Missouri to a 5–0 record through last Sunday and put it in position to become the first Big Eight team in 48 years to win three consecutive Big Eight titles outright.

Unlike Sampson and Bowie, Stipanovich isn't a natural player. Yet back in the summer camps and the high school all-star games in which he competed with and against Sampson, Bowie and other big boys, he often outperformed them. Stipo (pronounced STEE-poe), as his friends call him, has a fairly laughable 28-inch vertical leap—"Six inches better than last year," he says proudly—which means he can get the tap from Herve Villechaize but not from many others. "I can't go up and jump over people like a lot of guys," he says. "I'm the wrong color for that. Right away I saw in those all-star games that people had a lot more talent then I had. I just outworked and outhustled them. I *have* to work hard. When I don't, I get in bad trouble."

In high school, Stipanovich was a local celebrity, largely because he had little competition. The Cardinals—baseball and football—were barely fluttering. The hockey Blues were a disaster. Ditto St. Louis University basketball. The high school career of this tall, blond athlete with the Serbian surname became one of the most heavily covered sports stories in the city.

First there was Stipanovich's ninth-grade transfer from Chaminade in Creve Coeur to DeSmet, five miles away. Sam Stipanovich, who played at St. Louis U. in the 1950s and now runs his father-in-law's funeral home, wanted his son, Steve, to learn basketball from Rich Grawer, the highly respected coach at DeSmet. Because the highway department was planning to level the Stipanovich house to make way for a new freeway, the family had an excuse to move and for Steve to change schools without losing eligibility. But Chaminade raised holy hell, anyway. At a special hearing before the state high school athletic association, Grawer and DeSmet were exonerated of "recruiting" charges.

Then there was Ted Stipanovich, Steve's older—by 13 months—brother. Ted was a brilliant football player and the state 3A shotput champ. Ted was another reason Steve changed schools. Sam had told Steve he'd never be able to com-

continued



Stipo's folks, who live above their mortuary, didn't help bury doubts about his veracity.

pete with Ted. The boys' rivalry had become fierce, punctuated by, Steve says, "brutal fistfights." By the time Ted was a senior offensive tackle at Chaminade, where he'd remained despite his brother's transfer, he stood 6′ 5″, weighed 240 pounds and was highly recruited by big-time colleges. But Ted said he didn't even like football. He enrolled at Colorado, stayed a few weeks and quit. Sam had quit basketball at St. Louis in his senior year. Do as I say, not as I do. "My dad kicked Ted's ass back there to try again," says Steve.

After Chuck Fairbanks took over as coach at Colorado, Ted grew to hate the game even more. Sam and Steve went to Boulder for Ted's opening game as a sophomore; the day after they left, Ted departed, too, for San Diego, where he moved in with four other former Buffalo football players. "Ted wasn't animal enough to play football," says Sam.

According to Steve, Ted, now married and working at a metals plant in Overland, a St. Louis suburb, didn't realize the importance of staying near the family. "Ted worked his butt off in football," says Steve. "He lifted weights, ate right. He was interested in a healthy body. If he'd gone to Mizzou, he'd be All-America here now."

The Stipanoviches are a close, proud clan. After Sam married Elaine Ortmann, they dropped the "h" from their last name, but when Steve excelled at DeSmet he put the "h" back in. "If I was going to get the publicity, I wanted my name spelled right," he says. "Hell, we have relatives. It's the way the name should be spelled."

At DeSmet Grawer wrote every name coach he could think of, inquiring about methods for teaching a tall center. Then he worked Stipanovich to the bone. Teammates who guarded Stipo in practice used pieces of rolled-up carpet as arm extensions. Grawer had him carry bricks during jumping drills. Eventually Stipanovich made himself into a player, and Grawer made himself a reputation. He has since published a book, *Secrets of Winning Post Play Basketball*, and is now an assistant at Missouri.

As the usual five trillion colleges came hustling after Stipanovich, Notre Dame's Digger Phelps, perhaps figuring that Stipo couldn't resist being coached by an undertaker's son, hinted that he had Stipanovich "locked up." But Missouri Coach Norm Stewart persuaded Stipo that he should be "united" with his state university. Phelps still is searching for a center at South Bend.

Stewart, a tough, demanding fellow with a wry congeniality, sometimes asks more of the Tigers than they can deliver. However, when Stipo was a freshman, Stewart asked only that Stipanovich be "comfortable." A good season (25–6) resulted with Stipanovich epitomizing the Missouri team, which was smart, patient, defensively hungry, with an exquisite passing sense and the ability to recognize its limitations and never overextend. Stipanovich shot .598 from the field, averaged 14.4 points and 6.4 rebounds a game and contributed particularly strong efforts against Kansas (a career-high 29 points) and in Missouri's second-round upset of—dig?—Notre Dame (15 points, eight rebounds) in the NCAAs. The Tigers began the tournament by beating San Jose State; they lost in the Midwest Region semifinals to LSU.

Stipanovich provided instant credibility to Missouri basketball. Attendance at Hearnes Center increased by 2,836 a game in his freshman season, the largest rise in the country. Moreover, other Big Eight schools imported a passel of huge beefeaters to combat him on the boards. The most prominent were Kansas' massive 6′ 9″ Victor (The Fat) Mitchell, who has since ballooned to the size of a blimp and drifted away from school, but not before one P.A. announcer read off his stats as "Mitchell—eight points, six rebounds, four orders of fries," and Oklahoma's 6′ 10″, 250-pound Charles (Big Time) Jones, who as a redshirt last year was caught sleeping behind the bench during a game and was renamed "Bed Time." Already this season Sooner Coach Billy Tubbs has screamed "Time!" (for time out), only to watch Jones's teammates, thinking his name had been called, look for him to shoot.

Stipo fit right in with the crowd. "My body was a mess," he says. "I've always drunk a lot of beer and gorged on greasy junk food, and I was never strong or aggressive." Quick leapers, especially, took advantage of his granite Converses. He had only 15 blocked shots as a freshman.

Sometimes Stipo appeared to be one long sweat gland, the water pouring from his face and shoulders and soaking his sneakers. During many games he had to change uniforms and shoes. Against San Jose State in the '80 NCAAs, he hyperventilated and missed the second half.

The summer after his freshman year, Stipanovich took an extended vacation. He passed up the Olympic Trials, lay on the beach in California and wallowed in the suds. "That was stupid," he says.

continued



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"I screwed myself up for a long time."

Twenty-five pounds overweight, at 265, out of shape and not caring, in the fall Stipanovich moved into a dilapidated house in a crummy neighborhood with five buddies, much against Stewart's wishes. "It wasn't the right atmosphere, and I never studied," says Stipo. "I was more interested in having a good time than having a good basketball team."

About the same time, a lot of other things on the Missouri team began going wrong. Mark Dressler, Stipo's high school teammate and the Tigers' valued sixth man, injured a knee and was lost for the season. An acclaimed freshman, Richie Johnson, transferred to Evansville. Backup Center Lex Drum left for Alabama-Birmingham. The Tigers lacked chemistry and desperately missed Guard Larry Drew, who, as a senior the previous year, had spread the defenses and delivered the ball inside to Stipanovich.

In December, Stipo learned that another close DeSmet pal, Mark Alcorn, a guard at LSU, had cancer. At a tournament in Atlanta, Stipanovich came up empty on the backboards against Florida State. Zero. Soon afterward, Tiger forwards Ricky Frazier and Curtis Berry began feuding, and eventually stopped speaking to each other. Stipanovich would exchange blows with the sulking Berry in practice. "I'm surprised he fought back," says Stipo. "He hadn't been that active all year."

It was amid such goings-on that Stipanovich lay in the run-down house two days after Christmas. "I was rummaging in the closet, and there was the gun," he says. "Why was it there? We'd had a wild party after a football game, and some crazed drunk was going to shoot himself, so somebody took it away from him. We'd all forgotten about it. I turned the gun over and tossed it on the bed. It went off. The bullet hit my shoulder, nicking off some skin. Another millimeter and it misses me completely. It was real scary, very embarrassing. I just panicked. I wanted a way out without making myself look bad. I thought people would forget about it. Everything just backfired."

Because of the decaying neighborhood, because Drum had reported telephone death threats against him and because of the incomplete and ambiguous statements by the police, Stipanovich wasn't fully believed. The story made headlines in Missouri for more than a week. "I wanted the hostages to come home from Iran just to get Steve off the front pages," says his mother, Elaine.

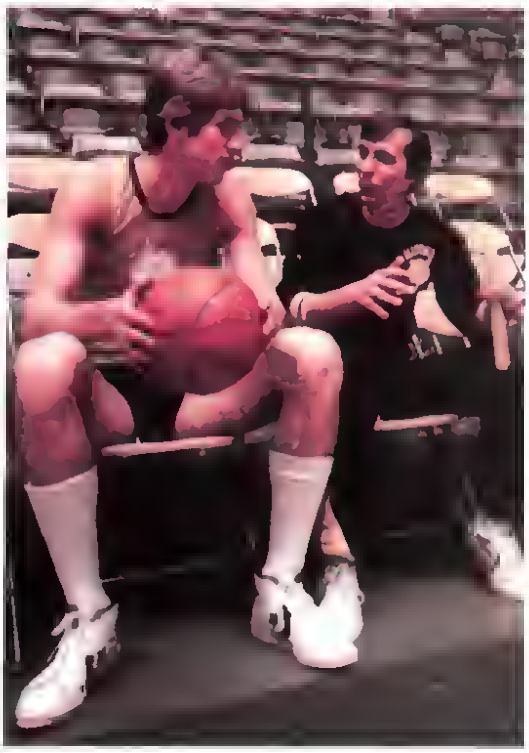
"After it happened, I wasn't about to explain anymore," says Stipo. "I had a lot of hatred for people and life in general. I went berserk and beat up a high school kid in a White Castle in St. Louis for mouthing off. My mind was just not right. Sure I was depressed about not playing well. But suicidal? Basketball isn't that important."

After three days in seclusion, Stipanovich returned to action in the most pleasant environment possible—at Oral Roberts. Nobody exploded popguns or flashed WHO SHOT STIPO? WHO SHOT STIPO? signs, as fans later would at Kansas and Kansas State. Nobody wore bandages with fake blood gushing out, as spectators would at Colorado and Oklahoma. And, of course, Stipanovich didn't have to face the Big Eight's most rabid partisans, Mizzou's own Antlers, who, besides heckling, hand-deliver sardine pizzas to the opposing players and once suspended the brother of an Oklahoma player over the Hearnes Center railing and screamed, "Cary Carrabine, we have your brother!"

The pressure got to Stipo at Iowa State where he intentionally pounded Cyclone Guard Lefty Moore on top of his head with the ball on an outlet pass. Fuming Iowa State Coach Johnny Orr received two technical fouls, but Stipanovich wasn't called for anything. "I think the ref felt sorry for me," he says. Pulling himself together, Stipo then averaged 12 rebounds in one six-game stretch and finished with a 12.7 scoring average as Mizzou won its second-straight league title.

In the NCAA tournament, the Tigers came a cropper against Lamar, which they had beaten by 22 during the regular season, after Stewart had caught several players, including Stipanovich, with beer in their rooms the night before. The enraged Stewart barely spoke to the team and, during the first half against Lamar, left virtually all the coaching to an assistant. "It made us feel like, well, why did we want to win at all?" says Stipo. "I mean, I didn't throw up on my dress or anything. But basically I hated myself for screwing up. We should have been much better, and I didn't care. I was waiting for the season to end. After Lamar, you could say I went out and celebrated."

Over the summer, Stipanovich once again worked as he had in his high school days. He came back to Columbia with a new look, a new attitude and a new diet devoid of sugar, preservatives and alcohol. A nutritionist tested Stipanovich's strength and proved to Stipo that he was a weakling and hadn't skimmed the surface of his potential. Now Stipanovich talks of health and body toxicity and muscle balance. "I'm stronger than I've ever been," he says. "I feel *100* percent better. My leg muscles and adrenal glands are working properly for the first time. My body's cleaned out of all that junk. I won't be one of the boys anymore and go downtown for some beers. I'm mature enough to know I have to sacrifice to see how good I can be."



Grawer followed his protégé to Missouri.

Back home in St. Louis last week, Stipanovich was plenty good enough. He passed well, defended the hole and played within himself and the team concept while getting 12 points and 12 rebounds against an old nemesis, powerful Illinois, as Missouri won 78–68 in overtime. Four nights later in Columbia his numbers were only eight points, but 13 rebounds, in a 70–51 defeat of Baylor. And with each win, it seems, Stipo's bizarre shots of last year become more a thing of the past. **END**



Rolling Onto

"She has a tunnel vision . . . no, that sounds bad . . a tenacity of purpose unequaled by any athlete we've ever represented. She has relentless determination such as I've never seen, and she's been that way since the age of 12 as far as I can tell."

—DONALD DELL, SENIOR PARTNER/DELL, CRAIGHILL, FENTRESS & BENTON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW; U.S. DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN, 1968-69

Sometimes an athlete has to prove himself again and again before he succeeds in overcoming an odd and very personal sort of resistance on the part of the sporting public and press. In tennis, women face this obstacle more often than men. Hard as it is to believe, now that she has been enshrined as the game's good and gracious queen, Chris Evert Lloyd had to win four U.S. Opens in a row before she conquered the hearts and minds of her countrymen. They had adored her, briefly, when she was a 16-year-old Florida schoolgirl who reached the semifinals at Forest Hills in 1971. But not long after that she came to be perceived as the Ice Maiden, and the romance cooled. Chris learned to live with her fate, but she never liked it.

In the late '70s Martina Navratilova won two Wimbledons and played some of the most exciting tennis the women's game has ever seen. But not until last September, after she had lost gallantly in the final of the U.S. Open, did she at last receive the outpouring of affection from fans and the media for which she had once longed.

And that brings us to Tracy Austin, who beat Navratilova on that emotional September afternoon at Flushing Meadow and this week may well face her again, in a showdown for No. 1 in the world at the Toyota Series Championships at New Jersey's Meadowlands. Austin, too, is one of those players the fans have resisted. Neither her baseline game in all of its extraordinary effectiveness nor her controlled and entirely professional on-court behavior has yet captured the public fancy. And because her private life has been that of a rich and famous but otherwise normal teenager—no scandal, no romance, no excess—she has not acquired a persona for



Tracy and beau Matt Anger take a spin on Magic Mountain's Revolution.

A New Track

Tracy Austin has paid a steep price to reach the top in women's tennis Now, at 19, she is having fewer ups and downs **by SARAH PILEGGI**

tennis followers to hang their expectations on.

However, if Austin pines for public affection, she has never let on. In fact, she has seemed almost to thrive on the lack of it. In 1979 she and Pam Shriver, both then 16, played a match in front of a large, vociferous and entirely pro-Shriver crowd in Washington, D.C. Austin won the first set, 6–3, but in a dramatic turnabout, Shriver won the second 6–1, and the crowd went berserk. Between sets Austin wrapped her head in a towel to shut out the noise. In the third set she jumped out to a 4–0 lead. At that point, while the crowd whistled deafeningly and Shriver groaned, Austin stopped, bent down and spent a full minute retying her shoelaces. She closed out the set 6–1.

"I'll deny I ever said this," says a longtime acquaintance, "but I think she sometimes creates such situations because they help her to be competitive."

Even when Austin was an undersized 14-year-old wearing pinafores with sashes that tied in the back, the press more often thought of her as a marauding animal than as a child. She stood barely 5 feet and weighed only 90 pounds, yet one sportswriter called her the "hummingbird who plays like a killer hawk."

He wasn't wrong. Austin looked like a child, and off the court she *was* a child. But when it came to tennis she was from another planet, one peopled by small, emotionless, relentlessly determined adults. She smiled past her braces, she giggled girlishly, and she remained completely unawed.

But as soon as the fans figured out that child or no child, Austin wasn't an underdog, the honeymoon was over. When she won the U.S. Open as a 16-year-old pro, beating Good Queen Chris to become the youngest winner ever, her now-familiar victory jig, the one that was so cute when she was 14, somehow seemed inappropriate. Actually the jig is more of a hop. She clenches her fists, lowers her head, lifts one knee and hops, smiling delightedly all the while.

But Austin has always done things in her own way, secure in the love of her large and loyal family and insulated by the devotion of several layers of coaches, lawyers, agents and family friends. Just as she has never made excuses when she has lost, she has never taken less than full credit when she has won. She learned early, and experience has reinforced the knowledge, that if she did her part, success would follow. Conversely, when she lost, it wasn't that she had been beaten but that she had failed to do her part. Hers was a formula for inducing and maintaining confidence, and it paid off: before turning 16, she had won 27 national junior titles.

continued

The formula has the added advantage of eliminating adversity. Until a year ago Austin had never dealt with adversity because she had never recognized its existence. If you believed her press clippings, the only untoward event in her short but charmed life happened 10 years ago when her coach slipped and fell on her while they were ice-skating, breaking her leg.

While tennis fans have resisted Austin, other players, especially those who were on the pro circuit when she arrived, have resented her for several reasons, one being that everything always has seemed to go so smoothly for her. At age nine Austin told her mother that she intended to be No. 1, and by 17 she was. On top of that, she needed only 20 months on the tour to win a million dollars.

Austin may well have been able to change the attitude of her peers if she had cared to try. But she was familiar enough with jealousy not to let that attitude bother her. It was the price one paid for success, and Austin had been piling up successes over people older than herself for better than 10 years. Besides, she is nothing if not pragmatic. If you let something get you down, your tennis might be affected.

But the biggest barrier to Austin's gaining acceptance on the tour has been her isolation. Always accompanied by her mother, sometimes by a coach, often by Sara Kleppinger, the 30-year-old lawyer in the Dell firm who handles Tracy's day-to-day affairs, Austin has been surrounded by adults and therefore cut off from the normal give-and-take of the women's circuit. She rarely practiced with other players; after her first two years on the tour, she stopped playing doubles because it too often kept her up late, at times she didn't even change clothes in the tournament locker rooms after matches, returning instead with her mother to their hotel room. Consequently, the players have had little opportunity to get to know Austin. In the beginning, the fact that she was a 14-year-old among 20-year-olds and a bit shy only deepened the gulf. However, while Tracy's isolation has hindered her acceptance by the locker-room sorority, it probably has helped her on the court. It's easier, after all, to crush a stranger than a friend.

"You have to keep distance to maintain a competitive edge," says Kleppinger. "I think Tracy will have a group of friends as more players her age come on the circuit. Except for Shriver, with whom there isn't a natural closeness, there was no one else for a long time."

"It's hard to be close friends with people on the tour," says Austin. "I feel like I get along with all the girls on the circuit, but some are better friends than others. They're mostly the young ones."

The beginning of the end of Austin's carefree, sheltered existence occurred a year ago October when she felt a pain deep in her right buttock. That signaled the start of a 10-month ordeal for which she was wholly unprepared. The malady, which was ultimately diagnosed as sciatica, grew steadily more painful until, in January of this year, she had to quit playing altogether.

For the next two months, she stayed at home in Rolling Hills, Calif., but her recovery was agonizingly slow. In March, plagued by frustration and boredom, she flew to New York and moved in with Dick and Madeline Zausner, older friends who live on Long Island. There she came under the care of Dr. Irving Glick, an orthopedist who also is physician-in-residence for the U.S. Open. "The amount of muscle weakness was striking, as it would be in any athlete who had been out of competition for three months," says Glick. She had trouble raising her leg against one finger's pressure." At 18, Austin had learned for the first time that life does not always go according to plan.

Glick says taking care of Austin became a "religion" for him, the Zausners and the staff of the Port Washington (N.Y.) Tennis Academy, where she gingerly worked herself back into shape. At first she could tolerate only seven minutes a day of returning balls hit directly to her. Eventually she built up to two two-hour sessions a day, but the effort it took was greater than any she had ever had to make.

Recently Austin was relaxing in Rolling Hills between tournaments in Germany and Japan. She has grown markedly prettier in the past year. Her face with its deep-set blue eyes, a face that used to look oddly old at times, now is in harmony with the rest of her. This day her thick wavy blonde hair was pinned carefully into a *fin de siècle* bun from which small curls fetchingly escaped. Though she says she hasn't lost more than a pound or two, she appears slimmer, and her high-heeled sandals added inches to her height, which is 5′ 4″ in sneakers.

As always, her mother, Jeanne, was nearby, fixing dinner in the kitchen of the three-bedroom house on Dunwood Road, where she and Tracy's father, George, a nuclear physicist for TRW, have lived for 25 years and raised their five children. Tracy, the youngest of the Austin siblings by five years, is the only one still living at home.

Jeanne and Kleppinger are the core of Tracy's support system. Backing them up are a coach—for 10 years it was Robert Landsdorp; then Roy Emerson and Landsdorp split the job; now it's Marty Riessen—and Tracy's brother Jeff, 30, who played professionally until four years ago and is a lawyer. Tracy works out with Jeff whenever she can and fre-

continued

When Jeanne, who travels with her daughter, and Tracy are home, Spike has a ball.



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quently turns to him for advice. Brother John, 24, is on the tour and is ranked 64th in the world. He and Tracy won the mixed doubles at Wimbledon in 1980.

Because all the Austin children are skilled tennis players and because they all have had to fight for their share of their mother's attention, buried family resentments have erupted now and then. But the Austins are nonetheless a strong and loving family, and to the world at large they present a united, loyal and affectionate face. "She's getting a lot nicer," says Pam Austin Reynolds, 31, Tracy's only sister, "and that's great. She's growing up. She's a little more considerate of other people, which is nice to see."

Pam competed on the circuit in the early '70s, a time when the life of a touring pro was primitive compared with the one Tracy leads. "You shared a room with your doubles partner, kept your suitcase under your bed and had a toilet down the hall," says Pam. "My main goal was traveling and having a good time. Tracy's goal is to be No. 1. She's very competitive, more so than the *rest* of us. Even when she was little her concentration was keen. You know that game, Concentration, in which the cards are all face down and you have to remember where they are? Tracy would beat us every time. She lost maybe once in a hundred games."

"She's more willing to make decisions now," says Jeff. "Her attitude used to be, 'I'm just a kid, let someone else decide.' On the court she looks the same. Off the court she's different in the way she dresses, the way she carries herself."

Austin's first tournament following her convalescence was an eight-woman event last May in Tokyo. After losing to Andrea Jaeger in a third-set tiebreaker in the finals, she learned that she wasn't yet out of the woods. Her celebrated concentration had wavered in the tiebreaker. The next week in Berlin she lost, also in a third-set tiebreaker, to 29th-ranked Sandy Collins. At Eastbourne, though, the week before Wimbledon, she sailed through to the final, where she whipped Jaeger 6–3, 6–4.

"The toughest part was Wimbledon," says Austin. "I felt rushed to prepare. I needed two or three months, and all I had was five days to practice the way I wanted. I was used to going in feeling confident, but I was trying too hard, putting pressure on myself."

In the midst of Austin's physical ordeal, Lansdorp, her coach and companion since she was seven, the man who had developed her game, added to her troubles by walking out during negotiations and filing a breach-of-contract suit against Tracy Austin Enterprises. Jeanne learned about the suit, which has since been settled out of court, when a *Los Angeles Times* reporter called her for a comment. "Robert made an unbelievable amount of money off Tracy last year," says Jeanne. "We were negotiating his new contract in March and he wanted more." By the time Tracy was ready for tournament play again in May, Jeanne had hired Riessen, and it was with him that Austin worked those last days before Wimbledon.

Austin lost in the Wimbledon quarters to Shriver, but five weeks later she beat Shriver in three sets to win the Wells Fargo Open in San Diego. At the Canadian Open in August, now really smoking, she defeated Shriver, Navratilova and Evert Lloyd, all in straight sets. The night after the final, Kleppinger phoned from Washington and Austin said, "Sara, I'm back! And that's no pun!"

During the Canadian, a few players, keyed up for the U.S. Open, which was only one week off, unleashed a barrage of temper tantrums that rivaled the men at their boorish worst. Hana Mandlikova gave the finger to a line judge who had called her for foot-faulting, Bettina Bunge walked off the court at 0–5 in a third set; and Shriver, rightfully frustrated by some lousy officiating in her quarterfinal match against Austin, wrongfully directed a stream of obscenities at her opponent for being overly exultant in victory. Ahead 6–2, 6–5, Austin hit a shot the linesman called out. But for the sixth time in the match, the umpire overruled. Undone. Shriver lost the next two points and the match, whereupon Austin smiled, smacked a ball high into the crowd and threw up her arms.

The following day Shriver said, "I used a few choice words of which I am not proud, but I wish she had just calmly come to the net and said, 'Bad luck.' "

In one light, Austin's reaction was understandable. She had traveled a rough road since the day on Long Island when she could hit for only seven minutes. However, her triumphant gesture was indeed insensitive. It also was entirely in character, and Shriver cannot *continued*



Riessen, Austin's third coach in two years, wants her to improve her serve and volley.

If Mom's not tending Tracy, Kleppinger is





Tracy, with pals Cari Horne and Matt, had more than one spoonful of vanilla this time.

have been surprised. The one habit of Tracy's the players resent more than any other is her visible jubilance in winning.

"Basically I've always liked her act," says Mary Carillo, 23, who played the tour until two years ago. "She has enough respect for her opponents to want to kill them. There's a beauty to that. You don't have to like a shark to admire it for being a perfectly efficient eating machine. But, yes, to be really nice about it, she *has* been accused of being insensitive." At tournaments, for example, Austin has been known to scratch out a lesser player's name and substitute her own on sign-up sheets reserving practice-court times. "If you're one of the stars you can do that sort of thing," says Carillo, "but you can't do it very many times without being resented."

Carillo, who does tennis commentary for the USA cable TV network, says Austin is one of the more approachable of the top players and a good interview as well. But Austin is comfortable with Carillo, a former player and a friend. When Austin is less comfortable, as when she's facing a room full of reporters, many of whom know little about tennis, and all of whom are waiting to pounce on her slightest indiscretion, she becomes guarded and less articulate. After beating Betsy Nagelsen 6–3, 6–0 in the fourth round of the 1981 U.S. Open, Austin complimented her opponent as follows: "I think she could have beaten, I don't know how to say this, she's playing so well that if she played somebody, *I* don't know, *I* don't want me to sound . . I don't know, but she could have beaten a lot of girls." The spirit was willing but the tongue was temporarily disabled.



Austin and her heir apparent as top teen, Jaeger, are a winsome duo at a tennis ball.

The defeat of Navratilova at the Open marked the end of Austin's physical ordeal and, possibly, the beginning of a new era in her career. The first evidence of Riessen's efforts to expand her game showed in that match as Austin clawed her way back from the 6–1 loss of the first set to win two tiebreakers and her second U.S. singles title. "What's new," says Riessen, "is the time we spend on volley, overhead and serve, not to change her style, because her ground strokes are the backbone of her game, but to give her more shots to use in case she's having trouble winning."

"Marty says, 'When it's three all in the third set, see what you can do differently,' " says Austin. "It's a great challenge and a lot more fun. I think my game is about as good as it's going to get in the backcourt. I'm an aggressive player now, but I'm aggressive from the backcourt. I'm not content to be aggressive just back there."

Austin's expanded repertoire couldn't save her when she met Navratilova in the finals of the U.S. Women's Indoor Championships in Minneapolis in October. On a fast surface, Navratilova's favorite, Martina played brilliantly and won 6–0, 6–2. A month later, in Stuttgart, Austin got revenge with a 4–6, 6–3, 6–4 victory. Back at home, on a private court off Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills, she described the match to Riessen. "I served and volleyed!" she said, giggling as if she couldn't believe she was talking about herself. "Once I lobbed three times in a row and she yelled, 'Boring!' right in the middle of the point. I couldn't believe she did that! I decided right then I would do it some more."

The computer currently ranks Evert Lloyd first, followed, in order, by Navratilova and Austin. But the computer ratings are based on results over the preceding 12 months, and for several of those months Austin was out of action. Nonetheless, by winning at the Meadowlands, Austin could end up the year as No. 1, in the minds of experts, if not in the calculations of the computer.

"She wants to be No. 1 more than ever now," says Peachy Kellmeyer, director of operations for the Women's Tennis Association. "She's more mature, a bit more independent. A lot of it had to do with her injury. She never had to bear anything like that before."

Last week Austin turned 19, to her mind the boundary between what was and what will be. "I don't *want* to be 19," she wailed half seriously. "I'm feeling old. When you're 19 you're not young anymore."

She also says she's having more fun, on and off the court, than ever. She has a boyfriend now, a tall, good-looking blond USC tennis player named Matt Anger, whom she met at Wimbledon this year, and she is doing outrageously normal

things like double-dating and going to Magic Mountain, the amusement park north of L.A. "Matt's good for me because he plays tennis and has the same life-style," says Austin. "Some guys wouldn't understand."

By the time Evert Lloyd was 19 she had been through a very public and, in the end, unhappy love affair with Jimmy Connors. Austin is growing up more slowly than that, but she *is* changing, though she resists it just as stubbornly as she has resisted change all her life. "I never like complete change," says Austin. "If anything has to change, I like it to be gradual." Or not at all. She still uses the same size racket grip (4⅜") that she did when she was nine. Picture her waiting to return service. She smooths her bangs on the right, smooths them on the left, touches the sweatband on her right wrist to her right forehead and then to her left forehead. She adjusts her necklace, tugs at her dress, blows on her right hand, tugs at her socks, takes three quick steps backward and, finally, jumps in place several times. Then and only then is she ready to hit the ball. That's the way it has always been, the way it always will be. Austin once told Carillo that at exactly 7:30 every morning she's home, she goes to the freezer in the garage and takes one, just one, spoonful of ice cream. Vanilla.

Says Kleppinger, only half jokingly, "Those of us who are in the business of molding and shaping Tracy's opinions have the capability of stonewalling over long periods—stalling until the time is right for Tracy to make the decision." Kleppinger has engineered some of the important changes in Austin's life—her switch from a Wilson to a Spaulding racket and from Converse to Pony shoes, for instance—all in Tracy's financial best interests, but none of them came quickly or easily. Thanks to the friendly persuasion of Kleppinger and others, Austin also has contracts with Canon cameras and Gunze, a Japanese textile firm that will produce a line of Tracy Austin tennis wear. These endorsements bring her annual off-court income to $1.5 million, to go with the half million dollars or so she can expect to earn playing.



When brother John got married last year, the star player was not Tracy but the piano.

Evert Lloyd, *on* whom Austin has modeled her game and to a certain degree her life, has said that the next important step for Tracy is to move toward independence, by which Chris means learning to live without the constant ministrations of her mother. Jeanne has been at the center of her daughter's peripatetic existence for so long that no one in or out of Tracy's entourage quite knows who or what will fill the void, or whether it can be filled, when the time comes for Jeanne to remain at home. "On the one hand tennis mothers are total slaves, and on the other they are the bottom line," says Peter Bodo, a contributing editor at *Tennis* magazine. "When you're up against the wall, whom do you turn to? But the role fosters a kind of contempt in the children. I've seen Tracy talk to her mother the way I wouldn't talk to a servant, but I've also seen real need and tenderness."

Says Kleppinger, "I think Jeanne knows that at some point her duties will become less necessary. I went to Atlanta with Tracy this year, and I saw that Tracy can handle the functional things all by herself."

"You can always learn to pack your own suitcase," says big sister Pam, "and Tracy will someday. She'll forget her socks and rackets a couple of times, but she'll learn. As for Mom, I think lately she's become more interested in the rest of us. She's coming back to reality. Before, I'd tell her something that I was doing and she'd say, 'That's good. Well, Tracy has to play so and so.' "

Evert Lloyd's mother, Colette, traveled with her daughter until she was 20, and Evert Lloyd has often spoken about how hard it is to be alone on the tour. For Austin it may even be harder. As the youngest of five children, she was even more sheltered than Evert Lloyd, the eldest of four. But in overcoming her difficulties this year, Austin has revealed a reservoir of strength that cannot entirely be explained by "relentless determination" or "tenacity of purpose." There is a new dimension to her, perhaps the one that is necessary to make a great champion out of a pampered prodigy.

Lately Austin has displayed signs that she may be getting ready to leave her cocoon—gradually, of course. Two weeks ago, at the Australian Open in Melbourne, she lost a close quarterfinal match to Shriver. Typically, after such a defeat, Austin would retire to collect herself and then, 15 or 20 minutes later, reappear for the postmatch press conference. She then would immediately return to her hotel with Jeanne. But on this day, to the enormous surprise of the locker-room sorority, half an hour after losing, she was putting on the practice green of the Kooyong Club with Rosie Casals and Connie Spooner, the WTA trainer. Perhaps Austin has learned that when you're rich and famous and pretty and talented, life has more to offer than room service. END



Seirawan sprawls over an outsize chessboard in the garden of Merano's Palace Hotel.

Yasser, That's My Baby

So Viktor Korchnoi indicated in picking Yasser Seirawan of the U.S. as his second. Now Yasser wants to be second to none **by WILLIAM NACK**

The escape from Damascus, in his mother's arms, came later. First there was the tractor that plowed through the wall of the room where the boy was playing. The driver had fallen asleep at the wheel. The boy's mother heard the crashing. She just had time to sweep him up and toss him out of harm's way. He was only two at the time, and he lay in the dusty rubble, howling.

That was only the start. Whenever the squeeze was on, Yasser Seirawan found an escape, whether by someone else's hands or his own—from Syria to England to the U.S., from the loneliness of gray Seattle days to the camaraderie of chess; from borderline poverty to European hotels with brass doorknobs, in one short leap from childhood to an adult world of university coffeehouses; from high school to life on the road as a chess junkie and hustler, and from the obscurity of an aspiring chess champion to the measure of fame accorded only those at the very top of the game.

Today, at 21, Seirawan (pronounced SEHR-ah-wan) is one of the fastest-rising young chess players in the U.S., ranking fifth in the nation. His first-place tie in the U.S. Championship last summer

continued

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qualified him for the interzonal matches leading to the 1984 world championship. Seirawan has already had a taste of that sort of competition. He is, in fact, still recovering from a frustrating 7½-week stint in Merano, Italy, where he was one of three seconds to Soviet defector Viktor Korchnoi in Korchnoi's second unsuccessful attempt to wrest the world championship from Anatoly Karpov of the Soviet Union. On Nov. 20, after only 18 games, Karpov completed a 6–2 rout of the challenger, continuing the Soviet domination of the game that has existed without interruption—save for Bobby Fischer's victory over Boris Spassky in Reykjavik, Iceland in 1972—for almost 45 years.

To the extent that chess can serve as a metaphor, Seirawan is a knight, the only piece on the board that avoids danger or attacks by sailing over and around a threat or an obstacle. That's Seirawan, for sure, the one flying up and out of harm's way in Damascus and points west. And he certainly doesn't fit the chess stereotype. He goes by the name of Yaz, and he is as trim and athletic as an all-star outfielder. In fact, with his curly hair he looks less like the grandmaster he is than the beachboy he once envisioned he would be.

"If I'd never left Virginia Beach, I'd be a surfer today," Seirawan says. "I think I would've become a professional surfer. No kidding. I'd be in Australia right now. And a womanizer. Absolutely a womanizer. And a pinball hustler. I don't consider myself talented in every aspect of life, but things have come to me in a reasonably simple and easy way."

Muyasser (Max) Seirawan, the son of a well-to-do Syrian cloth merchant, had been betrothed at birth by his father to the first-born daughter of his father's best friend. But in love as in chess, plans well laid often get mislaid. While studying mathematics at the University of Nottingham in England, Max, as he was known, met and married an Englishwoman and took her home to Syria. Yasser, their first son, was born on March 24, 1960, in Damascus. The episode involving the runaway tractor was nothing compared to what Yasser went through—though he was unaware of it—in early 1963, when civil war convulsed his homeland.

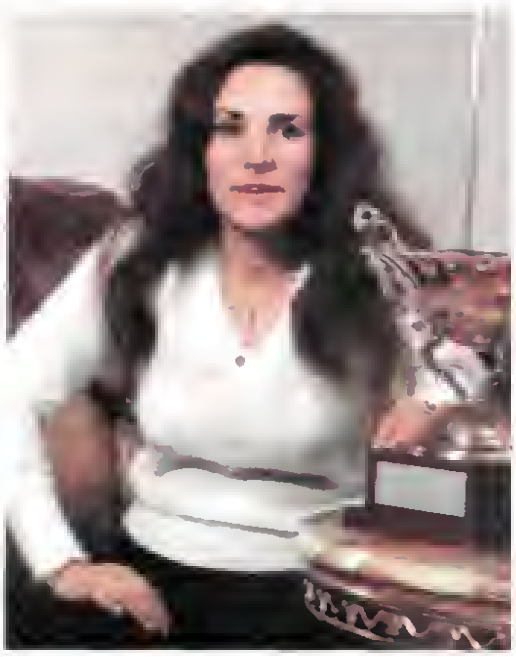
"A revolution was going on," Yasser's mother, Margaret, says. "No stability whatsoever. Governments were overturned while you slept at night. Another government was formed while you were having breakfast. A bunch of babies they were. What they needed was a good spanking! We got out of there, all right." But barely. Max was a brilliant computer programmer—he "spoke" 24 computer languages—and was viewed as a kind of national asset. Had the government of the moment known he was trying to leave, it wouldn't have let him go. Using black-market passports, Max and Margaret, with Yasser in her arms, slipped through Damascus airport security—teen-age kids armed with automatic rifles—by feigning that they spoke only English.

They settled in Nottingham for four years and then moved to Seattle in 1967, where Max went to work for Boeing. By then Yasser was seven and already bridling under his father's authoritarian rule. "He kept a strict home," Yasser says. "Any rebellion was immediately and ruthlessly put down. I became very introverted." A street kid, selfish and self-possessed. "A loner," he says. "Very much my own person."

The marriage didn't last. By the time Max and Margaret separated, they had had three children: Yasser, a daughter, Runda, now 23; and a second son, Daniel, now 17. After Max left, Margaret and the three children hooked up with a 6′ 5″ self-described Tibetan monk who hailed from the planet Earth by way of Detroit. His name was Richard Vallance. "He had a bald head, a flaming red beard and deep, penetrating blue eyes," Seirawan says. "The effect he had on people was unnerving. He just looked right through you." The itinerant Vallance was something like the character David Carradine used to play in the old television series *Kung Fu*.

"That's exactly how he was," Margaret says, "but without the kung fu. A free spirit. He taught yoga, reincarnation. He had a beautiful soothing voice, a healing voice. A great healer. And he knew herbs to boot! He was a great teacher, Richard Vallance."

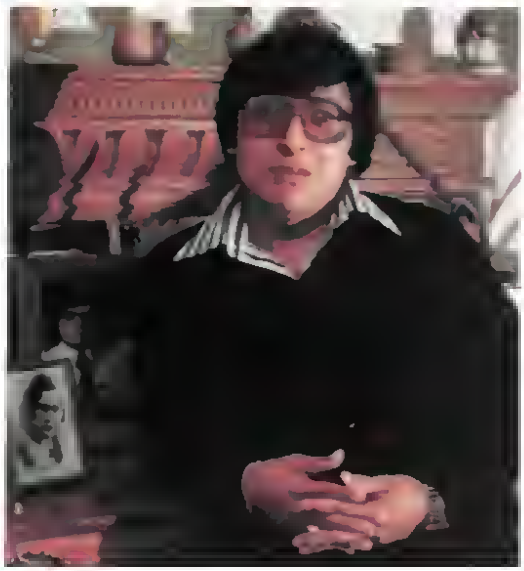
For instance, Vallance taught Yasser to share. One afternoon the family was at a zoo and Yasser was eating a box of popcorn. Someone asked him for some and he refused. Quietly, Vallance said, "O.K., Yasser, just for that you're going to have to eat it all by yourself." Vallance sat the family in a circle, all eyes on Yasser. "Go ahead and eat it," Vallance said. The boy wriggled. "Come on, you can have some," Yasser said. Vallance said, "No, we don't want any, but we'd like to see you eat it." From that moment, Seirawan says, "Anything you asked of me, you got. I had been introverted. But that all changed with Vallance. He got that all out of me."



Mom yanked Yasser from a tractor's path.

Margaret and her children traveled the country in Vallance's station wagon. They lived for a while in Palm Springs, Calif., where Vallance worked as a handyman—"He could do anything to a house, or a car," Yasser says—and as a masseur in posh hotels. Yasser augmented the family groceries by stealing occasional grapefruits and oranges. They stayed there a year and a half and then pushed on to Mexico for a time and to Corpus Christi, Texas for six *continued*

Garcia was Seirawan's early benefactor





At Merano, tennis eased the mental grind.

SEIRAWAN *continued*

months. Finally, they headed east across the Deep South and up through the Carolinas. "Sometimes we'd sit on a curb laughing uproariously because we didn't have a place to stay," Yasser says.

The family settled in Virginia Beach, Va. in 1970. Yasser was 10, and for the next two years he found himself living in a place that seemed quite like heaven for a boy. Vallance had given him a freedom he never knew under his father, and here was this dazzling stretch of beach and all that sun.

"I was a surfer, a skin diver, a scuba diver, a snorkeler," Yasser says. "I was at the beach every day. Long hair, tanned, surfer trunks. That was my thing, man. I was a pool hustler, a pinball hustler. I raked the neighborhood for all its quarters. Incredible! Always hustling my way into theaters and letting my friends in through the exits, so they'd have to pay *me*. Oh yeah, I had it all down. I was going through school with flying colors. Never studied for tests. I was getting a four-point-oh. A tremendous life. I had my systems cold."

All systems were down by the fall of 1972. Margaret and Vallance had been married following her divorce from Max in 1970, but after two years that was nearly over, too. Vallance, the wanderer, wanted to move on, she wanted to settle down. "He was a jumpy free spirit," Margaret says. "I thought, 'With that feeling, he should not be wed.' "

So the five of them climbed into the car and headed back to Seattle. Runda and Daniel moved in with Max, who was still living there, while Margaret and Yasser, surviving on welfare, moved from one apartment to the next in Seattle's inner city. There was no way that Yasser, then 12, could live with his father. "I was closer to my mom—nothing about the Oedipal thing—but I was closer to her. I knew I couldn't handle my father at that point. I mean, when he walked into the room, I would chill. So my mother and *I* lived together.

"We ended up in a place we paid $50 a month for," Yasser says. "One bedroom. I slept in a closet. In due time, Vallance left town with a dollar. My mom got a dollar. I got a dollar. It was a great sense of loss to me. But I had no problems. I had learned from Vallance to laugh at misfortune."

The summer before, Fischer had whipped Spassky to win the world title and create a whirl of interest in chess in the U.S. Seirawan, of course, had been on the beach, utterly unaware of what was going on in Iceland. His discovery of chess, the central event in his episodic life, was a consequence of the dramatic change in weather he experienced when he moved with his mother from coastal Virginia back to the Pacific Northwest.

"I wasn't tanning, I was rusting," Seirawan says. "More rain than I can ever recall. It just rained for weeks on end. Amazing. I had my surfing, my scuba diving, my snorkeling. I had been doing everything in the water and that was all taken away. I'd lost all my friends. I even had to sell my banana-seat bike! The dampness. It was the first time I ever got ill. I was completely confined indoors, stuck inside."

That was when Seirawan met David Chapman, who lived upstairs, and how he learned chess. Chapman, a former college football player, had been paralyzed in a trampoline accident and got about in a wheelchair. "We played every game, David and I," Seirawan says. "Every game you could think of: cribbage, poker, backgammon, any game with cards. And chess. My God, I was horrible. He beat me consistently. The thing that really attracted me was the individualism in it. If you lose a game, *you* lose it. No one else. You rely strictly on yourself."

What appealed to him, too, was the sense of order and justice in the game, the harmony that could be wrought from the thoughtful movement of the pieces, and the discipline it demanded. "Like all kids, I had tremendous energy drives," Seirawan says. "I'd run up and down hills and valleys, and then climb a tree and eat a rock. Suddenly I was forced to focus all my energies on the board. If I talked to my mother or listened to music while we played, David would beat me. I discovered that each piece had a separate mobility, a separate power, and when you use them in concert, you can be so effective. You don't even have to use the most powerful ones to create a powerful position. You can use the weak guys, and they protect one another, and they go in and do it for you. The game bit me. I was really in it."

In that confining Seattle apartment, Seirawan found his escape, his passion. Not long after he started playing, Chapman told him of a place, a half block off the campus of the University of Washington, where decent players met over the board. The Last Exit, a coffeehouse and game room, was aptly named, because it was there that Seirawan slipped out the back door of his childhood and never returned. The Exit was 10 miles from his home, and every day after school he hitchhiked across town to get there. He'd stroll through the rustic wooden door into a world of adults and charm them off their seats.

"He was just a little kid who wanted to learn the game," says Arnie Garcia, a 39-year-old Seattle real estate man and Exit habitué. "But he was such a personable kid, a cute little kid. Very likable, extremely friendly and outgoing and very curious. He loved to learn. You could see it on his face, hear it in his voice. We took him under our wings and taught him how to play the game. He was at the Last Exit constantly. He was quick, he never forgot *anything*. That's what struck me as phenomenal. He learned from every game and built on it. I was one of the big guns at the Exit. It took him six weeks to beat me."

"Scrabble players, backgammon players, chess and game hustling," Seirawan says. "This became my home. This was to become my family. I was suddenly around people from the age of 25 to 55. I was introduced to the masters of chess. I learned to play. I was never with my peers, other 13-, 14-year-old kids. What

could we talk about? I mean, they'd say, 'Did you see *Baretta* last night on TV? Did you see where he blew away that guy?' I'd say, 'No, man, but can you believe what's happening in the Middle East?' That's what I learned at the university. Every Wednesday night they had music and poetry readings. Those were my things. Here I was, going into an adult world, and chess was sort of my calling card, my greeting card. I could walk up to anybody and say, 'Hi, would you like a game of chess?' There were no barriers. Pretty soon we were talking about everything from girls to politics."

Seirawan's relationship with Garcia soon extended beyond the chessboard at the Last Exit. In fact, Garcia felt himself becoming a surrogate father. Seirawan focused on chess all through the winter of 1972-73, and by the next summer had become so proficient that Garcia arranged a locally televised match between Seirawan and Robert Karch, the champion of Seattle at the time. "If you beat Karch, I'll give you a 10-speed bike," Garcia said. For Garcia, the match was memorable—and not because Seirawan won. "I'm driving this little kid, 13 years old, to get the bike," says Garcia, "and he looks out the window at two girls walking down the street, and he says, 'Gee, look at the rear end on that one!' "

This was also the summer that Garcia began sponsoring Seirawan's trips to tournaments outside the state, a practice he kept up until 1977 and which cost him thousands of dollars. "All he really wanted was a chance," Garcia says. "I never anticipated getting it back. He was like my son. He spent a lot of hours at my house." That same summer, Garcia sent Seirawan to the U.S. Open in Chicago, where he earned an expert ranking. The next winter Garcia helped arrange for Seirawan to play another young prodigy, from Canada, Glenn Morin.

To help Seirawan prepare for that match, Garcia acquired a set of annotated games Morin had played. He gave them to Seirawan in the car as they started on their way to Vancouver. "Study them when we get there," Garcia said. Seirawan started flipping through the pages in the car, without a chessboard, and began a running commentary on how Morin should have played this move instead of that one. Seirawan beat Morin, but Garcia was more struck by the commentary in the car. "He read those annotated games like they were comic books."

continued

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he says. "He didn't need a chessboard." He was moving the pieces on a chessboard in his mind. "I realized then how brilliant Yasser is," Garcia says.

By that time, Seirawan sensed, even as a 13-year-old, that he had found something he could rely on if all else failed. "The game gave me tremendous self-confidence," he says, "a strong feeling of independence. If my place burned down, I would always have that. I could always come back to chess; I could always provide for myself if I had to. For a 13-year-old kid, that's a rock."

No matter how intensely Seirawan devoted himself to the game in his early teens, he never became a social outcast, a chess recluse. The impact of his presence at Garfield High in Seattle was unique. Garfield was an inner-city school, predominantly black at the time Seirawan started going there in 1974, a power in football, basketball and track. In his freshman year, Seirawan was already something of a celebrity, a prodigy who had done local TV and radio talk shows and made a name for himself. He was special, a kid with a well-established talent, and school administrators sought to give him space. "Is there anything we can do to help you?" they asked.

Seirawan never needed space. He always created his own. He played tennis and racquetball and was a member of the Garfield swimming team. But what he's remembered for now at Garfield is the way he turned the school into the most formidable chess power in the state. He had a ball. "Honest to God, I never had such a good time as when I went to high school," he says.

He launched the chess team his freshman year, and in the classroom assigned to it, he played game after game to demonstrate chess to kids who'd never played it before. "Every day I played games," he says. "Bang-bang-bang. Kids came and went. Suddenly, about a month before the season started, these guys were playing the game. They were going home and playing chess with each other, and arranging meetings and showing up at tournaments I was in."

What most struck the staff at Garfield was the effort he put into teaching others. His time was doled out like popcorn. "He was a terrific coach," says John Kunselman, a faculty adviser to the team. "He had an amazing capacity to play chess in his mind. It was an overwhelming experience to know him—like encountering a Mozart. His patience in teaching other people astounded me. He was never isolated, always gregarious. He helped bring other people along."

In his freshman year, Seirawan says, Garfield's six frontline boards—the first team—were played by "three black guys, a Chinese guy, a white guy and a Syrian. Of course, we were a novelty." Certainly they must have been the only high school chess team in history whose members gave each other the Flip Wilson handshake. "Slap-slap, bang-bang, bang-bang, hit-hit," Seirawan says. "The other chess teams came on very sedately, dressed up, pens at the ready. The brotherhood came in dressed in jeans, giving it the Flip Wilson shake. 'Anybody got a pencil?' We were a monster team. Grrumph! We chewed up everybody."

Garfield won the metro championship in Seirawan's freshman year and finished second in the state championship, after having beaten the eventual champions in the regionals. In his sophomore year—by this time, Seirawan was the Washington state chess champion—they won all three titles. That year, Seirawan finagled letterman's jackets for the members of the chess team. They swept the titles again his junior year. When the team was scheduled to compete out of state, students raised the money to send it by holding car washings and candy drives. The team was honored at pep rallies.

"Let's hear it for the chess team," the bullhorn would blare. "They're going to the metro championship this week!" The students would howl, the drums would roll, and here would come the cheerleaders doing splits and leading a cheer that Kunselman still recalls: "Check that king! Check that king! Mate! Mate! Mate!"

It was some experience. "It was unusual for an urban school to go to a chess tournament," says Roscoe Bass, the principal at Garfield when Seirawan was a freshman. "I thought it was nice, the diversity."

Seirawan graduated after his junior year, having taken extra courses to get out early. By then he knew what he wanted to do with his life, and college wasn't in his plans. High school had become a confinement, keeping him too long in Seattle. There were tournaments to play and places to go. So he left the chess team he had created, took the class princess, Marlene Williams, to the junior prom and was off to queen his pawn.

Seirawan was rated a senior master when he left Garfield, and he had already made a small impression in chess circles. In the 1975 U.S. Open at Lincoln, Neb., he had beaten his first grandmaster, Arthur Bisguier, to applause. "I almost fell off the stage," he says. When he got home, all excited, and told his mother how well he had done, she said, "How much did you win?"

"Ah, thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents," he said.

"Are you sure you're not going to college?" Margaret asked. Of course not. He had become a chess master. He was learning the wrinkles as he went, the ways of the psych, of chess. In an early round at Lincoln he sat down to play a fellow who displayed a disconcertingly toothy smile. "In the middle game, his game goes sour, and the smile becomes a grin," Seirawan says. "Then he gets into time trouble, and he begins to gnash his teeth. Then we're both in time trouble.

continued

A defeat of Korchnoi helped Seirawan hook on with the then-challenger for the world title.





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Finally, at a really critical moment in the game, he reaches up and takes out his teeth and sticks them in a glass of water. I'd never seen teeth like that in my life!" There they were, sitting in the glass and smiling. "My clock is ticking, time is running out and I can't get those teeth out of my sight. Oh, man . . . But I got him!"

The former pinball hustler of Virginia Beach was hardly a newcomer to the con himself. Right out of high school, he traveled to New York to make a killing. Dressed in safari shorts with 12 pockets and a tank top decorated with spider webs, he swooped down on Times Square—the Seattle Kid disguised as a surfer. Seirawan was by then a very good blitz, or speed, chess player—a game in which the time allowed for moves is minuscule and the competitor who thinks the best and quickest wins.

Between the street hustlers he took for $5 a pop and the sharks he took for $10 a game in the now-defunct New York Chess and Checkers Club, he left Times Square that first day with his 12 pockets bulging—*$800 in all, counting* side bets. Playing blitz chess for money may appear a prostitution of the chess player's skills, like a pianist's performing Bach in ragtime, but many great players pride themselves on their blitzing skills. "It sharpens your knowledge of tactics," Seirawan says. "Combinations, pins, mating attacks and traps." Blitz games quicken a player's powers of perception and his ability to quickly analyze the fields of force and positions on the board.

In 1979, Seirawan won the World Junior Championship in Norway, beating the best under-21 players from 56 countries, and automatically became an international master, which gave him an entrée to grandmaster tournaments. It was the most important victory in his career to that point. "From there on, everything else was gravy," Seirawan says. "Now I was invited to premier tournaments because I had this title and it's prestigious for organizers to say that they had the world junior champ in their tournament."

It helped get him to Wijk aan Zee, Holland the following January, where he gained his greatest triumph to that date. The place crawled with grandmasters. Seirawan won his first game, and in his second faced none other than Korchnoi. Less than two years before, Korchnoi had failed by a single point, 6–5, to beat Karpov for the world title, in Baguio City, the Philippines. It had been less than three years since Seirawan had been playing first board for Garfield High.

Seirawan often begins telling a story by saying, "Dig this scenario. . . ." So dig this one. Korchnoi shows up late for the game. Sitting down, he says to Seirawan, "Excuse me, I'm late, I'm sorry." Seirawan says it's O.K., but he's a bit awed. "This was like the rookie coming into the NFL," he recalls. "People were licking their chops when they saw me coming. I was 19." Then they begin play.

"Luck, luck, luck," Seirawan now says of that match. "You can be lucky. I'm unknown to the guy. So he decides to play a second-rate defense to improve his offensive chances. Heh! This defense is the one and only thing I know like the back of my hand. He falls right into it. Like into all my preparation, all my traps! I knew it from a lot of blitz games. I spring an opening novelty. I sacrifice two pawns; I whip out a kingside attack and make a space." *Voilà!*

Korchnoi resigned on the 39th move. A bit stunned, he offered his hand. "Congratulations," he said. "Good game." No doubt the last thing Korchnoi wanted to do was sit and gab with this child from Seattle. Seirawan suspected that Korchnoi really wanted to go back to his room and chew up his sofa. But Seirawan offered him some popcorn anyway. "Gee, Viktor, you want to go over the game?" How could Korchnoi refuse? They repaired to an analysis room and went over it, move by move.

Korchnoi grew curious. "What would you have done if I'd taken your knight here?" he asked.

"You know, Viktor, I *expected* that," said Seirawan. They played variations, and each time Seirawan exposed the weakness in Korchnoi's idea. Seirawan *was* lucky. However Korchnoi figured it, Seirawan knew the moves. The grandmaster had fallen into Seirawan's pet line.



At the playing hall, Seirawan gloomily dissects a lost Korchnoi game for journalists.

The tournament at Wijk aan Zee became Seirawan's advertisement for himself. He beat not only Korchnoi, but also the grandmasters Jan Timman and Lev Alburt. Throughout the competition, Seirawan found Korchnoi approaching him and asking him about the positions in other games. "What do you think of the Timman game?" Korchnoi asked him once. Seirawan looked at the board. "Boy, it sure looks like he could move his knight to king-bishop six." To which Korchnoi replied, "Hmm, that's what I was thinking."

Seirawan's finest moment came in his

continued



During Karpov vs. Korchnoi, Seirawan showed good moves on the board and the floor.

efficiently designed victory over Gudmunder Jonsson, yet another grandmaster. Talk about knight-leaps. Playing white, Seirawan brought his queen's knight across the board in three leaps to join in a kingside attack on Jonsson's position. While Jonsson was moving about like Custer at Little Bighorn, Seirawan brought out his queen on the 21st move, ready to join the attack. She looked innocent enough then, but by the 26th move, when Seirawan pushed her into the fray, she had Bette Davis eyes. Seirawan made another knight-leap, slipped Bette inside, sacrificed the knight and then rushed a rook to its doom. Bette takes pawn, check, mate! Or as Fischer was wont to say, "Cruneh! Splat! Pow!"

Jonsson resigned on the next move, his 30th. They brought out a bottle of champagne to celebrate the moment, for Seirawan had risen from an international master to a grandmaster with that victory. The mate Jonsson faced was forced. The applause that came from the crowd was not. "I felt like Reggie Jaekson hitting his third home run against the Dodgers in the '77 World Series," Seirawan says, but winning the tournament was the least of the honors that came to him. Not only had he also made himself a grandmaster, but he had landed a job to hoot. Korchnoi seemed as charmed as Garcia had been. He approached Seirawan after the tournament. "Would you like to work with me?" he asked. Seirawan was stunned. "I would have *paid* for that experience," he says. Korchnoi asked him if he could come to Switzerland to help him prepare for another drive to win the world title.

"I'll pay your air fare," Korchnoi said to Seirawan. "And would five thousand Swiss francs [about $2,750 then] a month be acceptable?"

"Huh?" Seirawan said. He was thinking, *You're gonna pay me?*

"Yeah," he finally thought to say. "I think I'll be available for you." Two months later he flew to Switzerland and joined two other seconds, Michael Stean and Lev Gutman, as they began the job of assisting Korchnoi in analyzing moves and mapping strategy for what would be 18 months of chess—from Korchnoi's string of victories in the candidates' matches through the final struggle against Karpov in Merano.

For the first time in his life, Seirawan was required to immerse himself in a study of chess theory. In Merano, on days when no game was scheduled, Seirawan and the other seconds met with Korchnoi for five or more hours at the challenger's *villa*, working over two large chess sets, setting up positions and playing the pieces through the endless variations to which this opening or that defense might lead. They analyzed adjourned positions and all completed games—whether won, lost or drawn.

Aside from the occasional day of skiing in the Tyrolean Alps or a game of tennis or dancing with a date at a Merano dance hall, nothing could distract Seirawan from his job or relieve him of his sense of frustration and helplessness as he watched Korchnoi slip into poor positions and squirm while he tried to extricate himself. Korchnoi's generally lackluster play, from the day he lost the opening game, became the unsolved mystery of Merano. Seirawan's frustration hit a peak on the night following the adjournment of the second game, after Korchnoi had played a solid opening and gradually self-destructed. By the adjournment, he was coming down in flames. While the Russians toasted the night away in the hotel next door, Seirawan plopped down on a couch in the Palace Hotel—his coat off, his tie askew, his shirt *open* down the *front*. "Why can't he play?" he said. "He can't play!"

"It's like the trainer of a boxer having prepared his man to jab a lot in a fight, and suddenly the guy refuses to jab," Seirawan said. "I mean, the frustration! It's heartbreaking. You can't reach in there and say, 'Come on, do like we showed you!' It's hard to sit on the sidelines and have to watch. The job is no fun."

The job came to an end after Korchnoi sealed his 41st move at adjournment time in the 18th game, knowing he was doomed. Karpov was ahead 5–2 in games and needed only one more win to retain the title. Korchnoi left the playing hall, and as he climbed into his waiting car, said without rancor, "Unfortunately, the match is over." It was perhaps Korchnoi's last chance. Now Seirawan wants his first.

Margaret sees it coming. The others in this tale have found their destinies. Max is living in Saudi Arabia now, married to the Syrian woman to whom he had been originally betrothed, the first-born daughter of his father's best friend. Lord knows where Vallance is. "He has no residence," Margaret says. "He could be in the desert now. He could be in Virginia Beach. He could be on the moon."

But she knows where Yasser has been of late and what he was doing there. "It's not strange that Yasser's with Korchnoi," she said while the match was still on. "He's being groomed to do this. He's looking them in the eye right now. Richard taught Yasser to learn the human language—how a man puts his hands, how he fidgets in a chair, how he tilts his head. He taught Yasser to watch every gesture, every detail. At 21, Yasser's right under Karpov's nose. You don't think he's learning? He's watching, you know. That's what chess is all about, going deeper and deeper, at all levels." **END**

Terry Bradshaw



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Now it's two for the money

How a 2-year-old runs up the loot may decide whether it runs for the roses

by William Leggett

Each summer and fall a parade of handsome young horses marches through the pavilions at the yearling sales in Keeneland and Saratoga. A lot of these youngsters are sold for hefty sums, although the bidders realize that some of the high-priced horses will never get to the races and most of them won't "win themselves out" on the racetrack by earning back their prices.

This year one has—at the tender age of two. His name is Stalwart. In 1980 Stalwart was the 14th highest-priced yearling sold at auction, bringing a final bid of $500,000 at Keeneland. Although he has raced only five times, he has won four in a row and $528,595 to become the second wealthiest 2-year-old thoroughbred in U.S. racing history. The richest was Buckpasser, who earned $568,096 in 1965, but he had to win nine of 11 races to do it. Although Stalwart's five starts were comparatively few for a 2-year-old, his four wins came at exactly the right place: California, where the big money is. Naturally he will be one of the favorites for next year's Kentucky Derby, and many Californians feel he is one of the best West Coast youngsters since Swaps, who won the 1955 Derby.

Whether Stalwart can be considered the top 2-year-old of 1981 is another matter. The 2-year-old picture is jumbled because of a series of upsets that occurred in major Eastern stakes, a spanking new year-round racing program in California, some late-developing horses of high quality that have appeared in the midlands, and the presence of a fine Canadian runner named Deputy Minister, five of whose eight victories were on his home soil. But he has also won two of the top U.S. events, the Laurel Futurity and the Young America at the Meadowlands. Perhaps most important, Deputy Minister picked up a lot of bucks along the way, $406,614.

Once upon a time, the amount of money a 2-year-old stuffed into his saddle bags was of little relevance in gauging his potential in the classic 3-year-old races. The sole object of 2-year-old racing was to allow young horses to take their slow, green steps toward maturity without too much pressure. That seems to have passed, mostly because of the bizarre developments of last spring. In May the management of Churchill Downs, fearing that the Kentucky Derby field was too large for safety's sake, cited a "condition of the race" instituted in 1975 that limited the Derby to 20 starters. It had been written after 23 horses ran in the 100th Derby in '74. The select 20 were to be chosen on the basis of money won. When the condition of the race was invoked last spring, lawsuits were filed by disappointed parties. Eventually, 21 horses ran for the roses, and Pleasant Colony, who was seventh on the money-winning list, won.

But what happened to those horses at the top of the list? Entering the Derby, the four leading money-winners were Bold Ego ($382,676), Well Decorated ($367,192), Proud Appeal ($341,976) and Tap Shoes ($307,676). They finished 10th, 16th, 18th and 14th respectively. The second-place finisher, Greentree Stable's Woodchopper, had not won a dime as a 2-year-old, in fact, he only raced once at two, finishing 10th in a maiden Special Weight race at Saratoga. Having won $160,105 in the pre-Derby 3-year-old races, he was 15th on the money list. So much for earnings as a measuring stick for judging young horses.

Yet the Derby must have some method to control the size of its field. As late as last Monday the board of directors at Churchill Downs was still debating what to do if there is another big field for next May's 108th running. As most horsemen expected, the track decided to keep its money-winning rule, with some minor modifications.

In 1981 the money rule became so crucial that one trainer, D. Wayne Lukas, kept a yellow legal pad at hand throughout the spring so that he could *continued*



Well-heeled Stalwart, who has won four of five starts, has trainer Lukas reaching high.


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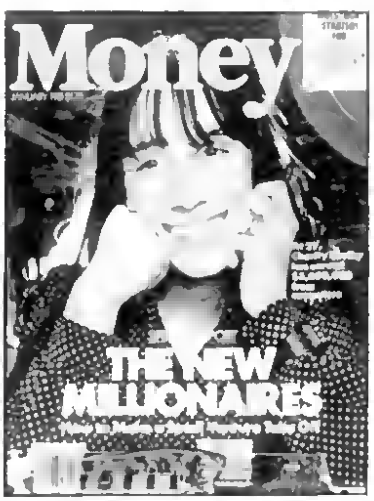
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maintain a daily running tally of the winnings of the prominent 3-year-olds. Lukas' major concern was getting a colt named Partez into the Derby. Partez had won $77,621 as a 2-year-old, and Lukas has felt that Partez would need $100,000 to qualify at Churchill Downs. Lukas looked around for a spot to run his horse, found a grass race at Santa Anita in early April and dropped Partez in it. Happily, Partez won, and his total earnings of $105,521 put him 17th on the money list and in the Derby. He finished third. But in 1982 Lukas won't have to scratch too hard on his legal pad. He's the trainer of Stalwart.

One morning last week Lukas took Stalwart from his stall at Santa Anita and walked the beautifully bred bay out into the warm California sun. "I love this colt," he said. "He's a heck of a fighter. Of the five races he's run, he lost only the first when he was hit by a clod of dirt. Usually a thing like that would bother me, but I told his owner [Marvin L. Warner, former U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland] after the race, 'Marvin, just throw this race out. It's too bad to be true. If he ever runs that bad again, I'll be shocked.' "

After that first 5½-furlong race in June, Lukas decided to rest Stalwart until October and to run him only at longer distances. The strategy was sound. From Oct. 7 to Nov. 29 Stalwart rattled off his four straight wins, the last two coming in the Norfolk at Santa Anita and the Futurity at Hollywood Park. For several years the $234,650 Norfolk had been the West Coast's preeminent 2-year-old race, but with the advent of year-round racing in California, the Futurity, a new stakes that was inaugurated because of the increase in racing dates, has surpassed it. This year's Futurity grossed $715,100 and netted Stalwart a cool $365,805. Considering that New York's most prestigious 2-year-old race, the Champagne, carried a purse of only $150,250 this fall, it is clear that California is where the most money can be made. That is especially true now that West Coast promoters are offering huge purses in an effort to attract horsemen to the state's new races. Two of Stalwart's victories were at a mile, the other two at a mile and ⅛th. Of the top 2-year-olds, only Stalwart and Deputy Minister have won as many as two major races on the dirt at a mile or beyond.

Because he has already racked up enough money to qualify for a Derby spot, Stalwart won't run again until March, and then he will have only a couple of races before going to Kentucky. "I will still keep that legal pad in my office," says Lukas. "I have 10 other 2-year-olds that might develop into Derby prospects, and every one of them will get a chance."



Claustrophobic Cassaleria has only one eye, but he looks good in winning $219,070.

Stalwart is by the brilliant Hoist The Flag, the colt favored for the 1971 Kentucky Derby until he broke down during a workout at Belmont Park. Hoist The Flag ran only six times in his brief career, won five races and was disqualified from victory in the other, the Champagne. At stud he sired the European champion Alleged and the American champion Sensational, plus many other fine U.S. horses. Hoist The Flag, who died in March of 1980, was so highly regarded as a sire that the 14 of his offspring that were sold at auction in 1981 went for an average of $423,500.

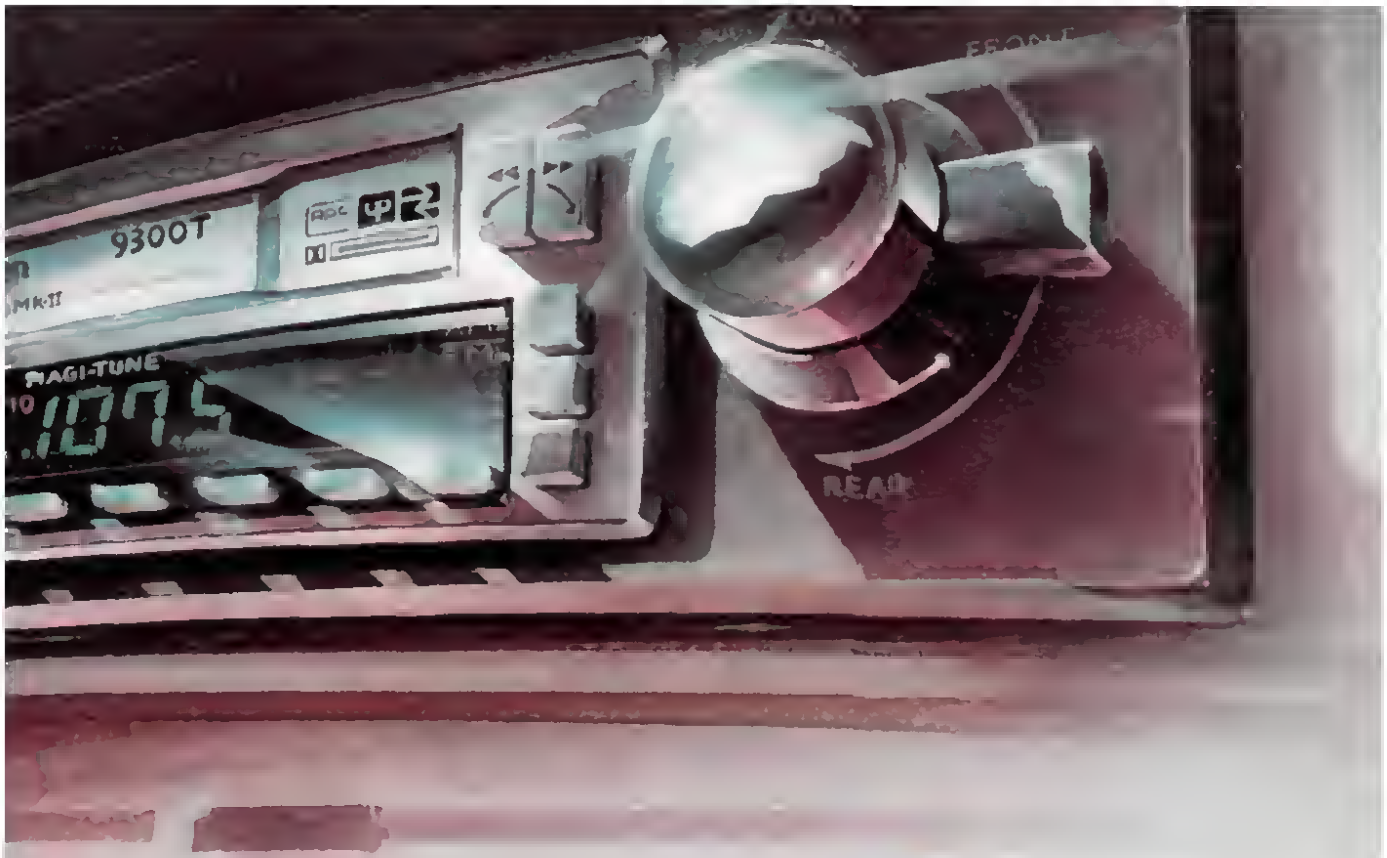
When Stalwart won the Hollywood Futurity he was briefly passed in the stretch by another colt, Cassaleria, but Stalwart came on again to win by half a length. That was no small accomplishment because Cassaleria, a son of Pretense, is the winner of $219,070, which should certainly be enough to qualify him for the Derby, and is entered in another $100,000 race coming up at Hollywood Park on Dec. 23, the Auld Lang Syne Stakes. There are other respects in which Cassaleria is not your everyday thoroughbred. The colt has only one eye, his right, and is so claustrophobic that he can not be put in a stall. He is kept outside his barn in a pen by trainer Ron McAnally, who also trains John Henry. "The absence of an eye doesn't bother him," McAnally says, "probably because he lost it so early in his life." Cassaleria injured his eye while being foaled, and it was removed a week after birth. One-eyed horses usually don't run well, though there has been a notable exception. "The Horse In The Hathaway Shirt," as he was called, ran from 1956-60 and finished in the money 34 times in 63 starts. He also competed against the very best and was aptly named by his owner, the late Harry F. Guggenheim, who called the colt One-Eyed King because in the Land of the Blind . . .

But California isn't the only place with good 2-year-olds. This fall two colts racing in the midlands have come to the fore. D'Accord, a son of Secretariat owned and trained by Bertram Firestone, won three of four starts, including the Breeders Futurity at Keeneland, and $116,915. After losing his first race, D'Accord rattled off his wins by a total of 34½ lengths. Then in late November, a horse named El Baba (by Raja Baba), who had won his first three starts, added the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes to become the only undefeated 2-year-old colt of any significance. El Baba has now earned $115,203, with an average victory margin of 7½ lengths. But the most intriguing thing about his win in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes isn't how he won, but where. Churchill Downs. In 1973 Cannonade won that same race and then returned the following spring to win the 100th Derby, the 23-horse stampede that brought on the 20-horse limit, the money-winning list and all the fuss. **END**





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Pop popped in 23 against Fresno State.

There's no cagin' the Cajuns

Southwestern Louisiana made gumbo of its rivals in the Bayou Classic

by Jack McCallum

Yes, the livin' is all kinds of easy these days in Lafayette, La., the hub of the Gulf Coast's rich oil and gas industry. Reports of Lafayette's millionaires driving their helicopters to the local fast-food restaurants (as published recently by the *National Enquirer*) may be exaggerated, the townsfolk say, but it has often been claimed that Lafayette has more millionaires per capita than any other city in America. And that may well be true, because Lafayette reportedly numbers more than 1,000 millionaires among its less than 100,000 citizens. Says local attorney Sid Landry, "Yes, a lot of folks are doing all right here."

And so is the University of Southwestern Louisiana's basketball team, the primary source of diversion for Lafayette's well-to-do citizenry, which raised its record to 8–0 with victories over the University of the Pacific (67–61) and Fresno State (57–51) in its own Bayou Classic last weekend. The Ragin' Cajuns have beaten the big (Georgetown) and the small (Siena Heights), the fast (Marquette) and the slow (Fresno State). They've been winners in the Deep South, as when they defeated Southern Mississippi 66–64 on Center Dan Gay's jump shot with five seconds left, and they've been winners in the far north, hammering Georgetown, Washington State and Marquette en route to the championship of the Great Alaska Shootout.

Thus has a team that once lived in the NCAA's darkest doghouse clawed its way back into the sunlight. For two long seasons (1973-74 and 1974-75) the Cajuns were prohibited from even *playing* NCAA basketball after having been cited for more than 100 recruiting violations committed during the regime of former Coach Beryl Shipley. The suspension followed the glory days of Bo Lamar, who led the Cajuns to a 24–5 record and to as high as No. 4 in the polls during the 1972-73 season. The penalty would have devastated many programs, but Southwestern Louisiana has come back fast.

"Our philosophy was to just look at the bright side of it," says Coach Bobby Paschal, who came to Lafayette as an assistant to Jim Hatfield in 1975-76 and got the head job in 1978-79 when Hatfield left for Mississippi State. "By starting over, we could promise a great opportunity for a lot of kids, a great chance for them to play right away. We still had a good schedule, and we were still going to play an up-tempo running game that would please the fans." Fortunately for the program, Andrew Toney chose Southwestern Louisiana the year after the NCAA suspension was lifted. "He gave the program an immediate legitimacy," says Paschal. Toney, who now plays for the 76ers, finished his four years as the Ragin' Cajuns second-leading alltime scorer behind Lamar.

No one denies that Southwestern Louisiana has returned as a major basketball school, but doubts still persist about whether this year's Cajuns belong among the nation's elite. Though the team's accomplishments in Alaska were impressive, its subsequent five wins through last weekend had all come in friendly Blackham Coliseum where messages like REFS MAY NOT SEE, BUT BET THEIR EARS ARE RINGING flash across the scoreboard. And even the most die-hard Cajun booster, of which there are many in Lafayette, must wonder why his team always seems determined to play dead for spells during almost every game.

For example, the Cajuns fell behind Pacific by 10 points late in the first half of their opening game in the Bayou Classic and had to struggle in winning by six. This shouldn't happen to a Top 20 team in its own tournament against the likes of Pacific. That led some observers to believe that Southwestern Louisiana's winning streak would come to an end in the title game against Fresno State. The Bulldogs carried a 5–0 record into the final, including a 46–44 win over Mississippi in their tournament opener, and badly wanted a victory over the Cajuns as a boost to their own Top 20 chances. It seemed that Fresno State's tough textbook defense—the Bulldogs were the stingiest team in the country last season, allowing 50.7 points a game—and patient offense would be too much for

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Southwestern Louisiana. Sure enough, eight minutes into the championship game, Fresno State led 16–7 and was still up 30–25 at halftime.

The Cajuns awaken from their lulls in the classic manner of good run-and-gun teams, by revving up the tempo and getting the ball to the hot hand on the break. Against the Bulldogs, the hot hand belonged—as it does much of the time—to senior Guard Alford Turner, the tournament's outstanding player. With Southwestern Louisiana trailing 34–30 four minutes into the second half, Turner hit four consecutive jumpers and a free throw to put the Cajuns ahead 39–36. Then, when Fresno State started crowding Turner outside, sophomore Forward Dion Brown scored three straight times inside, and the Cajuns, ahead 47–40, never relinquished the lead.

Though Southwestern Louisiana, like most up-tempo teams, has a tendency to be erratic, Paschal does have players who know their roles, even though they don't always play them to perfection. That may keep the Cajuns in or near the Top 20—SI ranks them 19th this week—and will certainly make them the favorites in the Southland Conference.

There's no secret what the 6′ 2″ Turner's role is: to score the way Lamar did in the late '60s and early '70s and as Toney did a few years later. So far this season, with an 18.9-point average, he has done pretty much that. A transfer from Polk (Fla.) Community College, where he was the second-leading junior-college scorer in the nation (31.4 average) two years ago, Turner was used as the Cajuns' playmaking guard most of last season and scored only 10.1 points a game. He is much more comfortable this year throwing his off-balance shots from the off-guard spot.

Everyone calls Turner "Pop," a nickname his mother inexplicably hung on him in infancy. "Sometimes even I wonder what my name really is," says Turner, who attended Winter Haven (Fla.) High, which also produced Otis Birdsong. "I get money orders from my mom and she spells my name 'Alfred' on them. I say, 'Mom, what's my name?' " Alford is correct, though after Turner's 42 points in the tournament, Pacific and Fresno State were calling him other names.

The new point guard, Johnny Collins, is such a steadying influence that he's still in the lineup despite shooting only 38.6%. A transfer from Skyline College in San Bruno, Calif. on a team that needs steadying, Collins came to Southwestern Louisiana partly because of sophomore Forward Graylin Warner; they were teammates at Booker T. Washington High in New Orleans. Warner didn't have a particularly good tournament, with 25 points and six rebounds, but he's averaging 14.8 points per game as one of America's skinniest (6′ 8″, 170 pounds to be generous) forwards. Paschal once tried to put Warner on a weight program, but when Warner began to *lose* weight, Paschal took him off it "before he disappeared." The 6′ 9″, 221-pound Gay is a power center, who shoots only seven times a game and averages about eight rebounds.

But despite all this talent, the most important reason for the Cajuns' success has been Brown, an unheralded sophomore power forward. Though he shot poorly (5-of-15) in the tournament, he was still at 53% for the season and was leading the team in rebounds. He had 14 against Fresno State. Fate helped bring Brown to Southwestern Louisiana. On his recruiting visit, he watched as "that guy with the same first name as mine hit a shot at the buzzer." That was Dion Rainey, whose last-second basket beat the University of Alabama-Birmingham in the NIT two years ago.

The Cajuns have the classic sixth man who gets things going offensively in sophomore Alonza Allen, Florida's top scholastic prospect two years ago. The 6′ 6″ Allen has been used mainly at guard, but as the team's best leaper and an excellent offensive rebounder, he plays up front, too. And Southwestern Louisiana even has the obligatory team flake in Substitute Center Bruce Pringle, nicknamed The Vanilla Gorilla because of his size (6′ 10″, 235) and color. He and Guard John Perret are the only two whites on the roster. "Actually, to the guys on this team I'm not considered white," says Pringle, who hails from Ontario. "We say we have all blacks, except for one white and one Canadian."

If Pringle is like many of Southwest Louisiana's students, he'll stick around town after graduation, adding a spoonful of Canadian influence to the blend of French, Cajun and black culture that makes Lafayette unusual. Although the city is relatively small, its wealth and the existence of Southwestern Louisiana, perhaps the fastest-growing university in Louisiana, give it a big-city feel.

There's been no friction between the predominantly black basketball team and the predominantly white Lafayette townspeople. Indeed, most of the Cajun basketball heroes—Lamar, Toney, Fred Saunders and, now, Turner—have been black, and the rabid white fans at Blackham Coliseum often seem contemptuous of "these white boys" who have no business playing on the same floor with their team.

"I'd never leave this place," says Lamar, who now works for a filtration company and does color commentary on Southwestern Louisiana's basketball network. "The people are friendly and hard-working. And there's good food and good parties. Everything you could ever want is right here."

Including a Top 20 basketball team.

THE WEEK

(Dec. 7-13)

by ANTHONY COTTON

MIDWEST Kansas split two games this week against a pair of Wildcats, beating Arizona 86–57 and then losing to Kentucky 77–74 in overtime. The loss to the Kentucky 'Cats, which snapped a 17-game win streak for the Jayhawks at Allen Field House, wasn't decided until the final seconds of OT, when Kansas Guard Tony Guy missed a 12-footer that would have given his team the lead. Instead, Kentucky rebounded and Forward Derrick Hord made a pair of free throws with four seconds to play. Guy, who scored 31 points, forced the extra period when he hit a jumper with only 13 seconds left in regulation play. The game was a nail-biter throughout. The lead changed hands 25 times, and at no juncture was either team in front by more than six points. Kansas' only other loss was by seven points to No. 1-ranked North Carolina. There was no such drama against Arizona as the Jayhawks charged ahead by as many as 30 during the second half. Said Wildcat Coach Fred Snowden, "I'm not going to slit my wrists because we lost. It's not the end of the world." Presumably Snowden felt his team's 63–55 loss to Kansas State two days later wasn't Armageddon, either.

"Greg became a man tonight," said Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson after his freshman center, Greg Dreiling, led the Shockers to a 75–60 win over Alabama-Birmingham, then ranked 12th in SI's poll. Dreiling racked up 14 points, seven rebounds and four blocked shots in only 22 minutes of play. The passage into manhood for the 7′ 1″, 230-pound center came after he did his home-

continued



work. "I never really got myself prepared for any game until tonight," Dreiling said, "but all day long I drilled on what they were going to do." The loss was no surprise to Blazer Coach Gene Bartow, who after watching an earlier practice felt his team wouldn't do many things right. "It was our worst of the year," said Bartow. "We were lucky not to have been more badly burned than the score indicated."

Precision basketball took a spill, but Tulsa still managed to drill Oral Roberts 80–63 and win their jointly sponsored Oil Capital Classic. The Golden Hurricane had 24 turnovers in the title game, 16 of them in the first half, and that, combined with their 36% shooting, helped to hold Tulsa's halftime lead to 30–28. Certainly the Titans didn't do much to make matters difficult for the Hurricane, hitting only 28% and committing 14 turnovers. After the intermission, Oral Roberts got into foul trouble, and Tulsa used that as a springboard to its 20th straight home win. Said Centenary Coach Tommy Canterbury after his Gents were routed 87–60 by Arkansas, "We stayed with them for 25 minutes and then lost our composure against their pressure defense. They just keep the heat on. It's not just five minutes, it's every minute. Sooner or later you say, 'Hell, take it.' " That's just what the Razorbacks did, moving from a 47–40 lead to a 67–41 spread six minutes later. Centenary's lone point in that span came when the Hogs' Darrell Walker hung on the rim after a shot. After the ensuing technical free throw was made, Walker stole the subsequent in-bounds pass and converted it for two of his 15 points. Walker also had 12 assists and seven steals, while teammate Scott Hastings scored 24 points.

SMU, losers of 20 games a year ago, played Alabama to a standstill for 35 minutes before falling to the Tide 69–62. 'Bama Guard Ennis Whatley, who scored 13 points and played 37 minutes without a turnover, sank a lay-up with 4:58 to play, breaking a 58–58 tie. SMU then held the ball for three minutes, looking for a good shot, but Jon Koncak missed a four-footer with 1:47 remaining. Shortly after that the Tide went into a stall and converted nine of 10 free-throw attempts in the last 35 seconds.

MIDEAST If it was hard to tell who was the winning coach after Kentucky's 85–69 pasting of Indiana, it was because the final margin wasn't big enough to suit Wildcat Coach Joe B. Hall. After the game he chastised his players for allowing the Hoosiers to lose by only 16 points. "It was a lack of killer instinct," Hall said. "This ball club has been missing that for three years. We went native in the second half and let them get back in the game. A great ball club doesn't have that kind of letdown." In essence, the game was over after Indiana Coach Bobby Knight was charged with a pair of

technicals for protesting a foul call with 10:09 remaining in the first half. Kentucky Guard Jim Master then sank three of the four free throws, and the Wildcats went on to outscore the Hoosiers 22–12 en route to a 47–25 halftime lead. Still, Hall didn't reach the end of his bench until the game's final minute. "It was fun, but I was disappointed we didn't keep it up," said Kentucky's Derrick Hord. "Like Coach Hall told us, we won't ever have an opportunity like that again against an Indiana team."

The same opportunity wasn't available to Colorado State and Penn State, the Hoosiers' opponents in the Indiana Classic. Indiana dispatched Colorado State 82–41 in the tournament's opening round and routed the Nittany Lions 80–51 in the final. In the eight years the Classic has been played, Indiana's average winning margin has been more than 28 points a game. Ted Kitchel, the Hoosiers' 6' 8" junior forward, was the eighth straight Indiana player to win the tourney's MVP award. Against Penn State, Kitchel was five of nine from the field and nine of nine from the line for 19 points. Against Colorado State he scored 25.

Injury-plagued Iowa showed good depth in beating Iowa State 79–68. Hawkeye freshman Center Michael Payne, who had a sprained ankle, didn't practice for two days before the game, while Guard Steve Carfino was still woozy from a charging foul he had taken the week before against Marquette. Filling their places against the Cyclones were another freshman center, Greg Stokes, and 6' 5" Guard Bob Hansen, a starter much of last season. Stokes scored only six points, but still pleased Coach Lute Olson, who said, "We had him for three blocked shots and forcing three traveling violations with his intimidation." Payne came off the bench to contribute 17 points. Later in the week the Hawkeyes drubbed Northern Iowa 84–53 as Hansen scored 21 points.

It's that time of the year again for Minnesota, which remained unbeaten with an 80–55 win over Drake. "We're playing what I call December basketball," said Gopher Coach Jim Dutcher. "We play spotty for a few minutes and then pretty good for a few minutes, but we're not smooth throughout." Despite *not having a starter taller than 6' 6"*, the Bulldogs hung close to Minnesota, trailing only 23–21 before being outscored 13–3 in the last five minutes of the first half. "If we don't play without mistakes, without turnovers, the crowd gets on our case," said 7' 3" Minnesota Center Randy Breuer. "It's almost as if we can't do enough to satisfy them."

Louisville beat Purdue 73–71 and Tennessee State 83–58. Against the Boilermakers, Wiley Brown saved the day by scoring the winning basket with only four seconds left after getting a one-handed rebound of a teammate's missed free throw.

Former Alabama Coach C. M. Newton re-

continued



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turned to Tuscaloosa with his new Vanderbilt team, but the homecoming wasn't a happy one, because Alabama won 79–68. A pair of freshmen led the way for the Tide. Guard Ennis Whatley scored 20 points and had five assists, while Center Bobby Lee Hurt hit for 19 points, had nine rebounds and blocked three shots.

Arkansas State beat Wisconsin-Green Bay 24–23 in a defensive struggle of sorts. Neither team stalled, at least not intentionally, in the first half, which ended with Wisconsin-Green Bay leading 17–15. Unable to solve their opponents' zone defenses, Arkansas State Coach Marvin Adams put his team into a delay with 18 minutes to go in the game. During one stretch, both teams went 11 minutes without scoring. Wisconsin's lone field goal of the second half came on a goaltending call. The win gave Arkansas State a 6–0 mark, the best start in the school's history.

SI TOP 20

1.	N. CAROLINA (4–0)	1 *
2.	LOUISVILLE (4–0)	2
3.	KENTUCKY (4–0)	3
4.	IOWA (5–0)	4
5.	WICHITA STATE (5–0)	5
6.	SAN FRANCISCO (5–0)	6
7.	TULSA (5–1)	7
8.	VIRGINIA (6–0)	8
9.	DePAUL (4–0)	9
10.	MINNESOTA (4–0)	10
11.	ARKANSAS (5–0)	11
12.	KANSAS STATE (5–1)	13
13.	GEORGIA (3–1)	15
14.	ALABAMA (5–0)	16
15.	ALABAMA-BIRM. (3–1)	12
16.	VILLANOVA (5–0)	17
17.	MISSOURI (5–0)	19
18.	INDIANA (4–1)	14
19.	SW LOUISIANA (8–0)	—
20.	N.C. STATE (6–0)	—

* Last week

EAST North Carolina, again eschewing the standard scheduling procedure of limiting non-conference, non-network TV games to those against weak teams, got a blowout nevertheless, pounding heralded South Florida 75–39. Unlike previous wins over Kansas, Southern Cal and Tulsa, the Tar Heels were in command from the start against the Bulls, hitting 16 of their first 19 shots en route to a 42–15 halftime lead. At one point in the first half, South Florida was held to just two field goals over 14 minutes. For the game, North Carolina shot almost 62% to South Florida's 33%. Said the shell-shocked Bulls coach, Lee Rose, "Dean Smith is a great coach, but he's a much better man. He could have won by 200 points, but he played his walk-ons, and some who couldn't walk on—everyone but the ushers."

Virginia's Ralph Sampson walked out onto the court early in the second half of the Cavaliers' game against Duke, with his team trailing 59–53. The result of his stroll was a 92–83 win. In 13 minutes of playing time, Sampson, who hadn't started because he was recovering from a broken right ring finger sustained two weeks before, scored eight points, had eight rebounds and blocked two shots. "I couldn't sit on the bench any longer," said Sampson. "I wanted to go in. We needed some kind of spark." Duke could have used a spark against Princeton, which handed the Blue Devils their fourth loss in five games, 72–55, as a pair of junior forwards, Gordon Enderle and Craig Robinson, combined for 46 of the Tigers' points.

According to Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino, his 6′ 8″ junior center, John Pinone, was also lacking a certain something in the Wildcats' 65–54 win over Providence. "He wasn't very effective in my estimation," said Massimino. "... I didn't think he played good defense. He's usually a lot more aggressive than that. He kind of fell asleep on us." That makes one wonder what a wide-awake Pinone could do. Against the Friars he somnambulated his way to 27 points on 10-of-14 shooting from the floor. Pinone then hit for 21 points in a 75–61 win over Penn.

Fordham defeated Syracuse 79–78 for its first victory over the Orangemen since 1970. Although the Rams scored only one basket in the final three minutes, they made 15 straight free throws to seal the win. For the game, they hit 35 of 41 foul-shot attempts, while slowing down their speedier opponents with a variety of zones. "We're normally a man-to-man team, but I was the only one who matched up with anyone they had," said Ram Coach Tom Penders. "I'm quicker than [Syracuse Coach Jim] Boeheim."

In a pair of easy wins, Dereck Whittenburg scored 26 points and 7′ 5″ senior Center Chuck Nevitt collected 10 rebounds and blocked four shots to lead North Carolina State to its sixth straight win, 74–53 over Maryland, and Pat Ewing scored 20 points, hauled in 13 rebounds and blocked seven shots as Georgetown beat American University 75–63.

WEST UCLA, put on two years' probation by the NCAA earlier in the week, throttled Boston University 77–43, with Mike Sanders getting 21 points. "I have too much pride to let this probation get me down," said Sanders, who, like his teammates, started the game at a comparative snail's pace. The Bruins led only by 11, 29–18, at the intermission, but then they took control. "The slow start could be attributed to what we've been through mentally," said Coach Larry Farmer, "but these players wouldn't let the clouds of probation hurt their performance."

Oregon State played as if in a cloud of fog, losing to Portland 68–63, before recovering the next evening with an 84–69 win over Pepperdine. Beaver Coach Ralph Miller inserted 6′ 7″ freshman Forward A.C. Green into the starting lineup against Pepperdine, and Green responded with 17 points and 10 rebounds. The win was Miller's 200th at Oregon State. Maurice Williams and Dwight Anderson each scored 19 points as Southern Cal beat Long Beach State 74–66. Earlier in the week, Wichita State had defeated the 49ers 94–71 behind Cliff Levingston, who scored 25 points and had 19 rebounds, much to the delight of a cheering section of family and hometown friends who had traveled up from San Diego to watch the game. Levingston, who averaged only 10.7 points and 6.7 boards in the Shockers' first three games, had 17 and 10 by halftime against Long Beach. "I didn't want to let anyone down," said Levingston, who didn't.

Previously unbeaten Nevada-Las Vegas suffered a big letdown, losing a pair of games, 86–76 to Nevada-Reno and 82–70 to Cal-Irvine. The game against Reno matched Rebels Coach Jerry Tarkanian and his point-guard son, Danny, against the Wolf Pack's father-coach, point-guard-son combination of Sonny and Billy Allen. Not only did Sonny beat Jerry, but Billy also had 13 points and nine assists, while Danny went oh-for-nine from the field and ended up scoreless. "Danny just had a bad night," said Jerry. Cal-Irvine got revenge for a 124–95 beating by UNLV a year ago. Kevin Magee pointed the way for the Anteaters by getting 28 points and 12 rebounds and playing the final 8:41 with four fouls. "That's just the type of player he is," said Magee's coach, Bill Mulligan. "One minute he looks like he's in a world of hurt, and the next he looks like he's on top of the world." For the season, Magee is averaging 30.7 points per game.

Visiting DePaul put the hurt on a couple of opponents from the WCAC, beating Gonzaga 69–56 and Santa Clara 80–58.

"I had hoped to get tougher competition this week," said San Francisco Coach Pete Barry. He didn't, as the Dons rolled over Southern Utah State 78–66 and Chico State 105–69. "You can't really get up for a game like this," said Guard Quintin Dailey after he scored 24 points against Southern Utah. So in 26 minutes against Chico State, all Dailey did was score another 25 points. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEVIN MAGEE: Cal-Irvine's 6′ 8″ forward scored 28 points and had 12 rebounds in the Anteaters' 82–70 upset of Nevada-Las Vegas. For the year, Magee has hit on 73 of 97 shots from the field.



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Return of the triple threat

St. Louis' Roy Green plays them all: offense, defense and special teams

by Craig Neff

Roy Green got a letter last week from a Cardinal fan who wants to set up a Nickname for Roy Green Contest. The competition could be promoted during, say, Green's weekly interview show on St. Louis station KMOX, a five-minute segment Green describes as the Unknown Radio Show. "They even put a paper sack over the microphone," he says. Until now, the Cards have touted the little-recognized Green as their "three-way light bulb," the "3D-DB" and "the only truly three-dimensional player in the NFL," and some of Green's teammates have begun calling him All-World. But only the thoroughly monikered Ottis/O.J./Juice Anderson, St. Louis' All-Pro running back and Green's best friend, has come up with a name—French Fries—catchy enough to stick. French Fries. *Franchise.* Get it?

A football player as exceptional as Green deserves a good nickname—and anything else that will get him a little more attention. He's already extremely visible: Playing on offense, defense and four special teams, he's that small, quick No. 25 in cardinal-and-white who rarely comes off the field. "I'm on one side of the ball or the other side of the ball, but I'm not on the sideline side of the ball," Green says. Indeed, while starters normally take part in 60 or 70 plays per game at most, Green has participated in as many as 108 this season. "And he looks like he could go dancing afterward," says St. Louis Coach Jim Hanifan. Says the 5′ 11″, 195-pound Green, "When I was a senior in high school, I *never* left the field. Your body gets used to it."

Quite simply, Green is the most versatile player in the NFL. Since being drafted by the Cardinals in 1979 from Henderson (Ark.) State University, he has scored touchdowns as a kickoff returner—tying the league record with a 106-yard runback against Dallas as a rookie—a punt returner, a runner and a pass receiver. Three times this year he has both caught and intercepted passes in the same game, a feat not performed even *once* in a season since the Redskins' Eddie Sutton did it in 1957. Green now has 30 receptions and an NFC-leading average of 22.4 yards per catch, though he's in his first year as a wide receiver. "The only thing Roy hasn't done is tape all our ankles," says St. Louis Offensive Tackle Dan Dierdorf, failing to mention which ankles Green forgot.

Going into last Sunday's game against the Giants in Busch Stadium, the Cardinals had won four straight to even their record at 7–7 and stay alive in the race for an NFC wild-card berth. Green had sparked two of those four victories with big plays: a 33-yard touchdown catch in the final minute against New England, and a 44-yard TD run on a fake-punt play against New Orleans.



Green has received and intercepted in three games.

In the Cardinals' first series against the Giants, Green ran six yards on a reverse and caught a 39-yard pass to set up a Neil O'Donoghue field goal that gave St. Louis a 3–0 lead. Later in the first quarter, after New York had moved into Cardinal territory, Green, playing nickel back, made a third-down tackle on Running Back Rob Carpenter in the open field to stop New York two yards short of a first down and force a punt. On a subsequent Cardinal punt he made the tackle. But three plays into the second quarter, while trying to run under a long pass from rookie Quarterback Neil Lomax in the end zone, Green pulled his left hamstring. He was out of the game, never to return. The Giants, leading 7–3 at that point, went on to win 20–10 and end St. Louis' playoff hopes.

Green was no more than a fifth defensive back and special-teams player until the second week of this season, when St. Louis found itself short of fast, healthy receivers. "I'm putting you in for one play on offense against Dallas," Hanifan told Green, a former sprinter who had been an occasional receiver at Magnolia (Ark.) High. "I just want you to go in and run by everybody."

Late in the second quarter against the Cowboys, with the ball on the St. Louis 29, Green got his chance. "It didn't matter what they called in the huddle," he says. "I knew what *I* was doing." Dallas Cornerback Everson Walls lined up across from Green and attempted to slow him with bump-and-run coverage. But Green blew right past. He caught Lomax' pass for a 60-yard gain that set up a Cardinal touchdown and earned an immediate extension of his offensive career. He stayed in the game. "I was kind of in limbo out there at that point," Green says. "I had maybe a *slight* idea of what was going on." Pat Tilley, the Cards' other wide receiver, had to translate Lomax' play calls for Green, and he didn't catch any more passes. Still, Hanifan decided he

continued

would start him on offense the following Sunday against Washington.

Green suddenly had an additional playbook, extra meetings, doubly intense practices and even special nighttime film sessions with Receiver Coach Emmit Thomas, himself a former defensive back. Fortunately, Green is diligent, and his favorite avocation just happens to be watching movies. He made it all look easy against the Redskins by catching four passes, one of them a 58-yard touchdown toss from Lomax.

"There are certain guys you *want* to throw to, guys you know will hang on to the ball," says St. Louis' veteran quarterback, Jim Hart. "Roy's one of those." Green demonstrated that in the Cardinals' second game against Dallas, a 20–17 St. Louis victory, with a remarkable one-handed TD catch at the back of the end zone. "Oh, you can tell Roy's a receiver," says Thomas. "Every time he comes back from a route he's saying, 'I was *wide open*. . . .' "

Certainly there are other NFL players capable of playing both defensive back and wide receiver. In 1980, Green Bay's James Lofton was pressed into service as a safety late in a game with the 49ers, and this fall, just one week after Green's first interception-reception double, Wide Receiver Dave Logan of Cleveland did the same thing against Atlanta. Logan, who played only two downs as an extra defensive back, hasn't appeared at that position since. Last Sunday, after the injury to Green and a subsequent shoulder injury to another Cardinal defensive back, Ken Greene, St. Louis demonstrated its newfound faith in versatility by inserting reserve Quarterback Rusty Lisch at safety. But as Dierdorf says, "Maybe a lot could play both ways, but it's one thing to say you're able and another to actually do it. In a game of gifted athletes, Roy is exceptional."

Green's anonymity through all of this can easily be explained. First, when Mel Gray, Tilley and St. Louis' top four defensive backs are injury-free, Green doesn't start. He still logs more total playing time than a starter but can not accumulate impressive statistics at any one position. Second, he played his college ball—as a defensive back—in something called the Arkansas Intercollegiate Conference, an NAIA league with such teams as the Ouachita Baptist Tigers and the Arkansas Tech Wonder Boys. He intercepted nine passes as a senior but to little acclaim. Besides being in the considerable athletic shadow of the University of Arkansas, Henderson State, with its enrollment of 2,600, didn't even *have* a sports publicity department.

Green didn't take part in high school football until the 11th grade, at which point he made up for lost time by playing six positions and even kicking off. "I used to practice with a Dixie Cup as a tee," he says. "A lot of distance, but no accuracy." Actually, Green did try out for his eighth-grade team but quit after a dispute with the coach. "I wanted to be a runner, and he wanted me on the offensive line," says Green. Versatility does have its limits.

After his first NFL season, Green returned home for a crack at baseball, with the semipro Magnolia Riders of the Ark-La-Tex League. By his account, he led the league in batting with an average in the .480 range. More recently, he has spent his off-season time playing basketball. In both sports, Green plays every position. Correction: *Football* versatility has its limits.

Green lives in a condominium 20 miles from downtown St. Louis with his wife, Sharon, a receptionist at a bank, their 13-month-old daughter, Miyosha, and their dog, Rock. And Ottis/O.J./Juice Anderson. "Juice and I are like brothers," says Green, who nevertheless says he's reluctant to let Anderson babysit for Miyosha.

"What about *you*?" Sharon asks her husband. "*You were afraid to pick her up* for the first two or three months."

"I've fumbled a few in my time, you know," he says.

Rock is a Rottweiler. "Like the kind in the *Damien-Omen II*," says Green. "A devil dog. When we first got it I couldn't figure out what it was. Juice told me it was a Rottweiler. I said, 'Great, a rock wilder. Let's call him Rock.' "

"The thing about Roy," says Bill Atkins, an assistant coach, "is that he works so hard, yet he's so loose and upbeat. I've never seen him grumpy." Green can be serious, though, when talking of his parents getting divorced when he was a child or of Miyosha nearly dying from a digestive problem. He often speaks to youth groups about the importance of education, though Green himself didn't graduate from Henderson State. He's still several credit hours short of a degree in phys ed and English, and he says he probably won't have time to finish until his football career is over. "Which won't be for a while," he adds.

His days on defense could be numbered, however, simply because he has become so valuable to the St. Louis offense. "Being a receiver is a lot more exciting, with a lot less pressure," Green says. "On defense you can give up seven points on any play. Sometimes I look at the guys covering me and even feel a little sympathetic." **END**



On defense Green caught Carpenter . . .



. . . on offense he grabbed a pass from Lomax to set up a Cardinal field goal.

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That's no small beer on the right, it's a normal 12-ounce can in the hand of 7′ 4″, 500-pound wrestler Andre the Giant.



AMONG US

CONTINUED

The glass is in the prodigious paw of the author, a former superheavyweight powerlifting champion, who describes what life is like for a man who has made the most of being the biggest

by **TERRY TODD**

ANDRE THE GIANT

continued

Once upon a time, in a farmhouse in France, a baby boy was born. "Such hands," his father said. "Perhaps he will be a man to match my father."

"But you have told me that your father was a giant," said his wife with a smile. "Was he truly as large as you say? A head above two meters, and 250 kilos?"

"All that and more," the father replied sternly. "I am the son of a giant. Why not the father of one as well?"

And so it came to pass that as the boy did the work, ate the food and breathed the air of rural France, he grew. And grew. And grew again, reaching a height of 6' 3" and a weight of more than 200 pounds as he entered his 12th year. Even then he could do the work of a man. One day as he was raking hay beside his father, a friend of the farm's owner drove slowly past the field in a Rolls-Royce.

"I will own such a car as that someday," the tall boy said quietly as he paused to watch the elegant machine glide by.

"Stop dreaming and start raking," his father replied. "You are a big boy, but that dream is too big even for you."

Two more summers passed and the boy's body as well as his dreams continued to wax. Neither his clothes nor his circumstances seemed ever to fit. Finally, when he was 14, the farm and the village could contain him no longer, and he left his home and family to seek his fortune.

Five more years went by. Then, one afternoon, while his mother was in the kitchen preparing a quiche, she heard a knock. "*Ce grand*, who could it be?" she said to herself as she saw a large car out the window on her way to the door. "And me all covered with flour!" As she opened the door she beheld an enormous man, all hands and feet, smiling enormously. She stood there dumb struck.

"Is the man of the house at home?" the huge stranger inquired, at which point she rushed from the room, calling to her husband. Together they approached the doorway and the man who filled it.

"Yes, can I help you?" said the husband cautiously, looking up.

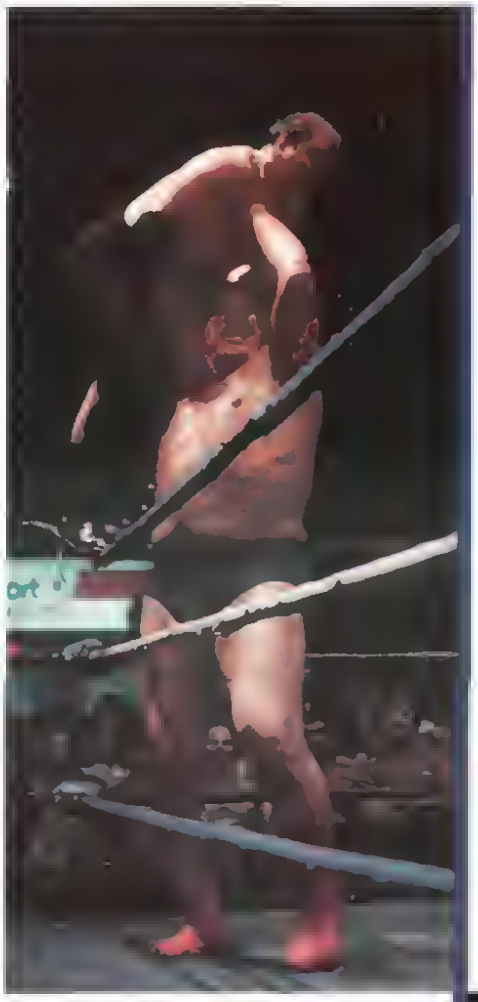
"May I ask how you like the car?" replied the giant. He stepped aside and with a slow sweep of his massive hand indicated a long, shining limousine. A Rolls-Royce.

"It *is* beautiful, but what has that to do with us?" the husband said suspiciously as the wife drew closer to him.

"Do you know who I am?" the stranger asked, still smiling down at them.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE

had hied himself to Paris so long before.

What had happened after Andre left for the city was that because of his size and strength he had been hired by a furniture-moving firm. Impressed, the firm encouraged him to develop his already considerable skills as a rugby player. He recalls those days in Paris as his *rite de passage*, a time in which he not only passed into manhood but passed as a man. He laughs as he recalls buying drinks for a member of the *gendarmerie* when he was only 14 years old.

When he turned 17, he was seen training at a gym by several professional wrestlers. They were so taken by his size that they showed him some of their moves, and regaled him with tales of their travel and adventures. When one of them was injured soon after and a replacement was needed for a match, Andre was asked to perform. As might be expected, he was, shall we say, a huge success, and he realized he had found his calling. The Brazilian philosopher, Paulo Freire, has observed that the only education of much value is learning to understand one's true position in the world in such a way as to act on that understanding and improve the position. If Freire is correct, Andre graduated with highest honors that night in his short, preliminary bout.

In his first two years as a professional wrestler, Andre Roussimoff, a/k/a Jean Ferré, did indeed grow—not only in stature but in wealth and worldliness. By his early 20s he had wrestled in Algeria, South Africa, Morocco, Tunisia, England, Scotland and most of non-Communist Europe. Today, at the age of 35, he looms four inches beyond seven feet, weighs approximately 500 pounds and stands astride professional wrestling both literally and figuratively—the largest, highest-paid and best-known performer in the game.

continued

Lord of the rings, the Giant deals with Sergeant Slaughter in Montreal (left) and fends off Killer Khan in New York City.



The wife hesitated, then said, "Have I not seen you on television? Are you not the famous wrestler, Jean Ferré?"

"Yes, I have wrestled often on television," said the colossal stranger, continuing to smile.

Finally, the husband looked out again at the Rolls, peered up again into the stranger's deep-set, twinkling eyes, turned to his wife and exclaimed, "Do you not recognize your own son come home to you at last? Jean Ferré is only a nom *de guerre*. This man is our son, Andre, grandson of my father."

Indeed, during the five years young Andre had been estranged from his parents, he had grown so large that even his mother and father failed at first, and even second, glance to recognize him, or to connect the giant they had seen on television with the gangly dreamer who

ANDRE THE GIANT

continued

Frank Valois is a *Quebecois* just turned 60, and, though he goes a bit slowly now, he has a width and heaviness of bone that give evidence of the power he had in his prime. He was with Andre the night of that first match, and for most of those barnstorming early years. Back home now in Montreal and retired after four decades in the ring, Valois promotes wrestling over much of Quebec. He remembers the boy-man Andre.

"What a thing to see he was! Like a young mastiff. He loved to frisk, to joke. And to drink, and feel the drink. He was so happy in the game. For him the hard travel was a joy. Eating all he wanted and drinking with us in bars and restaurants and seeing new people and places, it was a dream for a poor boy from the country."

So imparadised was Andre by his circumstances that he threw himself into the finer points of his new craft, anxious not to jeopardize his life-style. "He was trying so hard always," Valois recalls, "and anything the other guys could do Andre thought he should do also. In that first year or so he was around seven feet tall and he weighed 325 to 350 pounds, but he looked skinny because of his frame. I'm telling you, he broke up some rings and ring ropes learning to do the dropkicks and to use the ropes right."

Lunching at a New York haunt, Du Midi, Andre gives an amiable hug to the hostess, Sinikka Rey.

Asked about Andre's physical abilities, Valois hesitates a moment, then says, "Listen, I tell you this not because Andre is almost a son to me, but because it is true. Many men were afraid to go in the ring with him, especially after he reached his twenties, because he was so large and strong. For all his height and weight, he could run and jump and do moves that made seasoned wrestlers fearful. Not so much fearful that he would hurt them with malice but that he might hurt them with exuberance. He was *incroyable*. Even his playing was like that. He discovered one day in Paris that he could move a small car by himself, and for quite a while after that he amused himself by moving his friends' cars while they were having a meal or a drink, placing them in a small space between a lamppost and a building, or turning them around to face the other way. His strength was so natural to him that he had no interest in lifting weights. He was interested in having a joke on his friends, not in showing how strong he was. I have lived among strong men all my life. I come from Quebec, the cradle of strongmen, home of Louis Cyr and the six Baillargeon brothers, but I have never seen a man with the raw strength of Andre."

Perhaps this could all be dismissed in light of the often hyperbolic nature of one friend's memory of another, except for the validation of people like Ken Patera, four-time U.S. national weightlifting champion and still the U.S. record holder in the superheavyweight clean and jerk and total. Patera was the first American to clean and jerk 500 pounds, and many knowledgeable observers consider him to have been stronger than the Soviet Union's legendary Vasily Alexeyev during the early 1970s, when they vied for the world and Olympic championships. Standing 6′ 1″ and often weighing well over 300 pounds, Patera entered professional wrestling following the Munich Olympics. He has wrestled Andre often and has seen him work on many cards. Patera is a rugged man from a rugged family, and he understands strength as few men do.

"Let's put it this way," he responded recently to a question about the Brobdingnagian Frenchman. "I honestly believe that if Andre took a couple of years away from the game to train like the top lifters do, and if he developed a close personal relationship with his friendly neighborhood pharmacist, the world powerlifting records in both the squat and the deadlift would fall. No question. Think about it. He already weighs almost 500 pounds, with no lifting and no help from steroids. Hell, he'd weigh 600 or 700 pounds and not be any fatter than he is now, and let me tell you, that's not very damn fat. He's a wonder of nature. I've



seen him pick up a 250-pound guy like you'd pick up your overcoat. I guess you know what he did to Wepner."

Wepner. Ah, yes. That would be one Charles (Chuck) Wepner, cardmate of Muhammad Ali in that ill-advised boxers vs. wrestlers promotion back in 1976. Wepner had the dubious distinction of facing Andre in Shea Stadium in the bout preceding the much ballyhooed, ultimately farcical, Ali vs. Antonio Inoki match broadcast by satellite from Tokyo. Although the clash between Ali and Inoki turned out to be more ludicrous than enlightening, the Andre-Wepner prelim had at least one genuinely exciting moment. Wepner had circled Andre during the first two rounds, tapping him experimentally, as a mountaineer might assay the peak he or she had chosen to climb. Andre had permitted himself to be circled, no doubt postponing for the sake of the crowd the inevitable outcome. (The word inevitable is used advisedly, because over the years boxers have fared *poorly whenever they have disregarded* the obvious technical advantages of wrestling and engaged in a mixed bout. Most of the boxer-wrestler matchups, in fact, have ended by a pin within a minute, according to ring historians.)

At any rate, in the third round, perhaps emboldened by the lack of response to his tapping, to his tapping, to his gloves so gently rapping, Wepner really clocked the Giant as they broke from the ropes. Whereupon Andre, in a more than usually fell swoop, angrily snatched his smaller opponent into the air and pitched him forthwith over the topmost rope, ending the bout. Quoth the Giant, "Nevermore."

Asked recently about this mismatch, Andre smiled and replied, using the word "boss" as so many men in the game do, "Look, boss, the boxer-wrestler business is almost a joke. After all, a man may hit me a couple of times, but if I cut the ring off and close in, what can he do after I put my hands on him? The boxer has no chance, since he can't even wrestle in a clinch because of his gloves." However, lest Andre's words or his haughty dispatch of Wepner imply a disdain for the *sweet science, it should be noted* that the sports figure to whom Andre gives pride of place is Ali, a man who, with the Giant, hungers a bit after the glittery things in life. How odd it is, then, that of these two eminently successful men, both of whom have made more money in the last 15 years than most people could earn in many lifetimes, the one who by all rights should be richer than a thousand kings has less to show for his athletic and dramatic endeavors. It has been estimated that Andre earns about $500,000 a year while Ali has made as much as $6 million for a single fight.



At his own Le Pitcher, Andre consults the maitre d'.



Drinking at Jimmy Weston's in New York, Andre joins the McMahons and (right) Weston himself.

The difference springs from two related factors—management and entourage—and their effect on the old bottom line. Ali's problems in both areas, of course, are so well known as to require few words here, but Andre's circumstances bear examination. He came to North America first in 1971, to Montreal, and continued to appear as Jean Ferré, working almost entirely in Quebec, though things didn't go all that well there. The crowds were good at first, but then they dwindled, and even though he enjoyed the ambience of Quebec, Andre realized that a change was in order. And so, through his friend Valois, a meeting was arranged in New York with Vince J. McMahon, professional wrestling's premier promoter.

McMahon is a tall, rather elegant man in his 60s, and he has seen many rough beasts in his time, but he recalls the day he first glimpsed Andre. "My initial thought was, 'My God, I never saw such

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continued

a man.' " McMahon says. "I'd seen photographs and videotapes, of course, and I knew Andre was 7′4″ and over 400 pounds, but I simply wasn't prepared for how he looked up close. He was unlike anything I'd ever seen before, and I knew he could become the number one draw in wrestling."

McMahon, whose father, Jess, had worked with Tex Rickard in boxing and wrestling promotions in the New York area and whose son, Vincent K., is being groomed to take over his father's World Wrestling Federation, concluded that what had killed the crowds in Quebec was overexposure. "I saw right away that Andre needed to be booked into a place no more than a few times a year," McMahon says. "Most of our men work one of our circuits for a while and then move to another. It keeps things fresh. A guy may work New England for a few months, for instance, go from there to the South and then on out to spend some time with Verne Gagne in Minneapolis. But Andre's different. The whole world is his circuit. By making his visits few and far between he never becomes commonplace. Now, wherever he goes, the gates are larger than they would be without him. I book him for three visits a year to Japan, two to Australia, two to Europe, and the rest of the time I book him into the major arenas in the U.S. The wrestlers and promoters all want him on their cards, because when the Giant comes, everyone makes more money."



Road Manager Skaaland and Andre before a New York match

Not only did McMahon divine the best way to showcase Andre, he also realized that the name Jean Ferré would do little in the U.S. to pull a crowd. But what should the big man be called? What name would produce in the fans the desired *frisson*? It was a crucial detail. Wrestling has always been filled with creative handles, ranging from the alliterative (Whipper Watson, Killer Karl Krupp) to the ethnic (El Mongol, Abdullah the Butcher) to the ethnically alliterative (Bobo Brazil, Tosh Togo) to the mysterious (The Masked Terror, The Mummy) to the simply and manifestly wonderful (Whiskers Savage, Gorilla Monsoon, Fabulous Moolah), but McMahon correctly guessed that with the towering Frenchman, straightforward accuracy would be best. Hence, Andre the Giant. Perfect.

Fresh come to a land where size in almost everything has been the *terminus ad quem* everyone aspired: a land where possession of the biggest car, biggest farm, biggest house, biggest pool, biggest boat, biggest football team or biggest building signified rank and worth; a land whose seemingly limitless frontier had produced a people who went to the zoo to see the tiger rather than the ocelot, the elephant rather than the tapir, the gorilla rather than the gibbon and, no doubt, the greater kudu rather than the lesser, Andre quickly became the draw McMahon had predicted.

For many years in the U.S., Andre traveled with a bilingual companion, often Valois or another francophonic wrestler, but as his English developed and he got the hang of life on the American road, he struck out on his own, completely free of the sort of spiritual advisers, camp followers, school chums and second cousins-twice-removed that have had so withering an effect on Ali's profit and loss statement. One of Andre's advantages, of course, vis-à-vis Ali, is that he wrestles 330 to 340 times a year, presenting the same sort of moving target to potential hangers-on that Ali once presented to opponents in the ring.

Three hundred thirty to 340 times a year. Have mercy. What can life be like for this 500-pound, peripatetic butterfly? To find out, I traveled for a time in his company, going with him to Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal, Atlanta and New York. Once, almost 10 years ago, I had met and spent some time with Andre in Macon, Ga., and I was reminded again of that earlier meeting as I approached him in the dressing room at The Spectrum in Philadelphia. As he had been in Macon, he was standing with a group of fellow wrestlers, and again lines from the *Iliad* describing Ajax came to mind.

Yon Achaian chief
Whose head and shoulders
tower above the rest,
And of such bulk
prodigious

Such bulk prodigious. Exactly. In an odd way, Andre's height seems somehow less critical to the effect he creates than do his width and thickness. There are, after all, quite a few men these days who are seven feet tall, but they usually weigh around 250; Andre often weighs more than twice as much. Yet neither in his street clothes nor wrestling trunks does he appear to be particularly overweight. No victim he of Donelap's disease, in which a man's belly is said to have done lapped over his belt.

This bulk prodigious results primarily from two physical peculiarities—unusually heavy bone structure and relatively short legs. As for bone structure, the best single indicators are the circumference of the wrists and ankles; the circumference of the wrist, for instance, tells much more about the overall bone structure than does the length of the hand. Consider this. The largest wrist circumference on record of a non-obese person was believed until recently to have been that of

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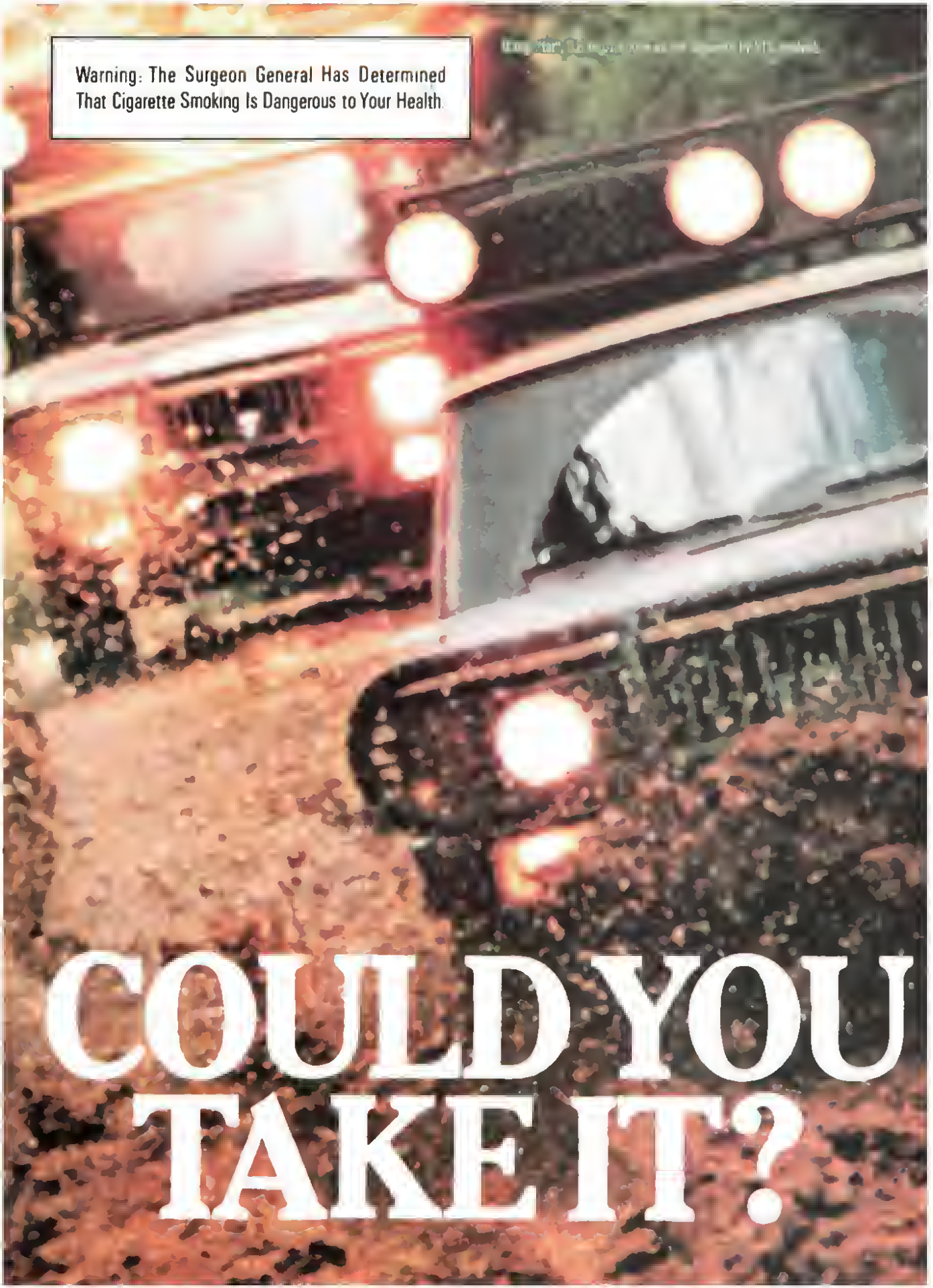
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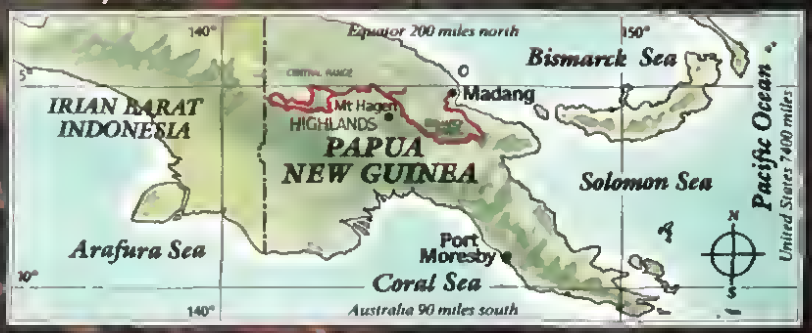
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ANDRE THE GIANT

continued

Cleve Dean, a 6′ 7″, 450-pound arm wrestler from Georgia, whose right wrist is 10¼″ around. Seven inches is about average for an adult male; eight inches is a very large measurement. Andre's wrist, however, is almost a foot in circumference, far larger than most men's ankles. His wrist, in fact, is about average for an adult male western lowland gorilla.

And as for the effect of the relationship between his leg length and trunk length on his body weight, remember that most men of 6′ 6″ and beyond have relatively long legs and short bodies. This produces both their comparative lightness and their somewhat storklike appearance. Andre's proportions are actually quite normal—for a man of about 5′ 6″. The fact that he rises almost two feet beyond that height accounts for much of his weight, because the trunk of a man weighs far more per inch of height than the legs. One of the reasons a gorilla weighs so much, in fact, is that, compared to a man, his trunk is quite long, averaging approximately 63% of his standing height as opposed to 52% in a man.

However, Andre's proportions, added to his height and unique bone structure, are only part of what makes him so truly giantlike. His hands, in particular, have always drawn attention, not only for their length and breadth but for their massiveness. They, like his feet, are disproportionately thick, giving them an almost pawlike appearance. His fingers are so large that he wears a ring through which a silver dollar may easily pass. Shaking hands with him is a humbling experience, producing memories of boyhood in the largest of men. And his head, his enormous jut-browed head, scarred from both rugby and wrestling and crowned with a thick shock of wiry black hair, also appears to be larger than it ought, adding the final touch to his fearful symmetry. In part, his capacity to fascinate must stem from the combined effect his great height and breadth, his slablike feet and hands and his colossal head have on our subconscious, evoking, as they do, our formative years, years of storybooks and fairy tales, years which Andre symbolizes as he towers among us, a living manifestation of our childhood dreams.

Interestingly, it is among children and adolescents that Andre often seems most at ease. They swarm around him at matches and follow him wherever he shows himself in the street, the children yelling for him to lift them high, high into the air. He is unusually gentle and quiet with them, saying, "I try to be very soft with children. I don't want them to fear me. Often, when I go to the homes of people who have small children, the children will run from me even though they have seen me on television. I understand why they do this, but it is a sad feeling for me, even so."

Andre's experiences with small children not only support those who argue that television has an essentially trivializing effect, but they also help explain how anybody feels when first in his presence. Andre never enters a restaurant or a bar without bringing all conversations to a close, as people stop what they are doing and simply watch him, incredulous, as he goes to a table or stool. His visual impact is so extraordinary, in fact, that it sometimes even affects animals. In two separate instances, one reported by Valois and one by Roger Sembiazza, owner of a restaurant in Studio City, Calif., trained guard dogs have turned tail and headed for cover at first sight of Andre. Asked about this, Andre chuckled in his *basso profundo* and said, "Boss, it was so funny. Dogs often react to me that way if they don't know me, but these two dogs were supposed to be so mean. So *vicious*. One was a German shepherd and one was a Doberman. Both times I was asked to stand still while the owner brought the dog in, and both times the dog got one look at me and ran the other way as fast as he could go."



Riding with Rey in an open hansom up in Central Park, Andre enjoys a rare moment of uncramped travel.

Although a giant can apparently stop traffic and even take the starch out of a guard dog, one of the real problems Andre shares with other of history's giants is simply living among men. Many cultures, our own included, have legends of a time in which giants held sway over us, only to be finally vanquished themselves. These days, although Andre doesn't have to fear valiant knights or enraged townspeople or Jacks of any sort, his own life among men is not an easy one. Imagine,

if you will, reading about a film like *Star Wars* and hearing it discussed by everyone, knowing all the while that unless you cared to stand in the back of the theater you couldn't go, because the seats provided would fit neither your length nor your breadth. Imagine, if you will, passing a display window filled with handsome fall clothing, knowing that although you could easily afford to buy whatever you pleased, not a thing in the store would fit, except perhaps the scarves.

Or imagine seeing a Ferrari snap around a corner, and realizing that, whereas a good month's income would give you the title, even a shoehorn and Vaseline could never get you behind the wheel. Many obese people, of course, are similarly excluded, yet with few exceptions they have been partners, often quite willing ones, in their own exclusion. When the truly fat fly they are forced by their avoirdupois to buy a first-class ticket and pray for a slow day along the old alimentary canal, yet they must admit to many thousands of forkings in their lives' roads, forkings which have made all the difference between themselves and people of a more normal size. Their plight, however, seems to us rather more comic than tragic because they usually have the means, if not the will, to rejoin their smaller brethren. Not so with Andre, who has no choice but to suffer many indignities, including the ironic discomfort of a nightly succession of Procrustean beds.

Watching him squeeze into a cab is an almost painful experience. Once in New York City, he hailed a cab for himself and three friends, ushered them into the back and then somehow jammed himself into the front seat, only to be unable to close the door. The simplest things can present problems. He must use an object such as a pencil to dial a telephone, because his fingers won't fit into the holes in the dial. He must choose his chairs carefully. Going through a revolving door, he must bend and take tiny shuffling steps to make the door revolve. He is unable even to consider learning to play the piano because he would strike three white keys with one finger. Bathing in an average motel is an experience ranging from the unpleasant to the impossible. And, had he become Clark Kent, he definitely would have required a more commodious changing room.

In almost every facet of Andre's life he is hamstrung by his size, brought low by the Lilliputian world in which he must exist. Those few people in history who have been Andre's physical peers have usually been able to accommodate themselves to their fate because they could outfit their homes with special furniture and bathrooms, and they could arrange their work spaces to fit their special needs. Even those who traveled with fairs almost always had wagons or trailers custom-made to suit them. But Andre is, in a very real sense of the word, a jet-setter. He logs tens of thousands of miles each year by air and standard auto and he stays in a different hotel or motel almost every night of the year. He has a lovely home near Ellerbe, N.C., and it is equipped for his unique needs, but such a home provides little balm if you're there just a week or so each year.

It is only when Andre works the Northeast for Vince McMahon that he has access to a vehicle custom-made to ease the burdens of his travels. McMahon bought a heavy-duty van, had the ceiling raised about a foot and installed an oversized couch. Naturally, Andre loves it. After a match he can climb in through the side doors, ease back onto his plush couch, stretch his legs and begin his nightly assault on the beer stashed in his king-size cooler.

Recently, as he relaxed in the van after a match in New York City, he asked for a beer and then, as the can disappeared into his awesome fist, leaned back and talked about the related tribulations of size and travel. "Well, boss, it is sometimes a hard life," he said. "Many times I have to ride for several hundred miles in the front seat of a car and my back and neck always get so stiff. You have seen it, boss. I must bend my neck and hold my head down between my shoulders to be able to ride at all in a car. I can't see out very well, of course, and I feel so squeezed together. And, you know, people never seem to realize that I might get tired of being asked how tall I am or how much I weigh. So many questions. That's why I go to restaurants in the middle of the afternoon or late at night. I want to be polite, and to make a nice impression, but sometimes it is hard. I would give much money to be able to spend one day per week as a man of regular size. I would shop, and I would go to the cinema, and drive around in a sports car and walk down Fifth Avenue and stare at the other people for a change. Another beer, please, boss."

Andre does love beer, and his love has a constancy seldom seen in romantic love. Stories about Andre and his beer are legion in the world of pro wrestling and have an appropriately Bunyanesque quality. Friends report that he often drinks several cases during the course of a day. One of his closest associates has sworn that, in 1969, in Mulhouse,

continued



and, thoughtfully, he gives his compliments to the horse.



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ANDRE THE GIANT

continued

France, he got through 117 bottles of German beer. Of course, given the amount of blood Andre's monumental body must contain, he *should* be able to, in the words of the Coneheads, consume mass quantities.

People who knew of my plans to travel with Andre warned me not to try to match him beer for beer. But was I not myself a large and robust man? Had I not once sat with the St. Louis Cardinals' interior linemen at Jackie Smith's place to celebrate the season's end by drinking gin and tonics out of quart Mason jars? Had I not knocked back successive tumblers of vodka with the previously mentioned Alexeyev to celebrate various of his victories? Was I not, by God, a fifth-generation Texan? Aware, of course, that I probably couldn't stay with Andre in a true contest because of the 210-pound difference in our body weights, I nonetheless felt that for a few hours after a match I would be able to keep up with him. To be honest, I actually looked forward to the opportunity of bellying up to the bar with the biggest professional athlete in the world and swapping tall tales of various kinds.

It was with this attitude that I went with him, after his bout that first night in Philadelphia, to a local motel, where I checked in and agreed to meet him in a few minutes in the lounge. I had been careful in our earlier talk not to mention his fondness and capacity for beer, lest he feel obliged to put on a show for me, and I was somewhat taken aback as I entered the lounge to notice four freshly opened bottles before him on the bar, one of them half gone The other half disappeared as I walked up.

"Come, boss," he said in his cavernous voice, "what will you have? The beer is cold."

Not wishing to seem competitive, I only ordered two, planning to drink them quickly and get two more and gradually catch up without him noticing. I drank and drank and we were joined in our drinking and talking by Arnold Skaaland, a former wrestler who is one of Vince McMahon's road managers. The talk was good and the beer went fast and I took a few notes as the evening passed, notes which seemed to me to become steadily more perceptive. I smiled often to myself as I continued to drink and talk and write on my yellow note pad. Finally the bar closed, and although I have no clear rec-

ollection of going to my room. I know I did so because I woke there late the next morning, fully dressed and lying on top of the bedspread, my mouth feeling as if a cat had littered in it while I slept.

My first thought as my mind swam into hazy focus was of my note pad. Sitting up with a start, I saw it, resting securely on top of the dresser. Not even waiting to shower, I took the pad to the table, sat down and began to read. "Not bad," I thought to myself as I went through the first couple of pages, anticipating the material still to come. But the notes became increasingly unclear, at last achieving illegibility. *Caveat potator.* Do not match drinks with the Giant. This lesson learned, I spent the remainder of my time drinking *with* Andre, not against him, and I can report with confidence that his capacity for alcohol is extraordinary. During the week or so I was with him, his average daily consumption was a case or so of beer; a total of two bottles of wine, generally French, with his meals, six or eight shots of brandy, usually Courvoisier or Napoléon, though sometimes Calvados; half a dozen standard mixed drinks, such as Bloody Marys or Screwdrivers, and the odd glass of Pernod. He drinks as many Frenchmen drink—throughout the day—and he takes genuine comfort in his drinking, seemingly in agreement with the line from Housman that "Malt does more than Milton can/ To justify God's ways to man." But during the time I was with Andre, never once did I see him give any indication that the alcohol was affecting him. Several friends who have known him over the years say that on the rare occasion when he feels the need to tie one on he avoids beer or wine and goes quickly through three fifths of vodka.

Because he spends as much time as he does in various watering holes, many people wonder how Andre avoids being singled out by the supposedly ubiquitous drunk with a yen to take on the biggest guy in the house. Two things about that, the first being that it's one thing for a man to get well enough bagged to imagine himself the equal of a 6' 3", 250-pound man, but 7' 4" and 500 pounds? Come on. The difference is the same as that which allows an intoxicated and/or hot-headed man to drive his fist into, and possibly through, a wooden door but refrain from driving that same fist into a steel girder. However—and this brings up the second thing—Andre actually *has* had to fight a few times in bars. Skaaland was with him once in Quebec City when a big lumberjack got so full of both whiskey and himself that nothing would do but to try out *le geant*. "We were at this little bar after a match," Skaaland recalls, "and I noticed this guy kept staring at Andre. That's not unusual, except he looked like he was building up steam. And sure enough, he walked up to Andre, tapped him on the shoulder and cursed him and called him out.

"We were standing at the bar, and Andre turned around to face the guy and spoke to him softly. He told him he didn't want to fight, and he even offered to buy him a drink, but the guy cursed him again. The words barely got out of his mouth when Andre grabbed him by the neck and belt and drove him into the wall across the room. I think it broke the guy's ribs." Asked about this later, Andre shrugged and said, "I do what I can to avoid bad trouble, boss, but I have seen enough to know when a man can't be talked out of a fight. First I talk, but when I see the talk won't work, I want to make the first move and I want to make it a good one. Twice I have had knives pulled on me and I have had to use a barstool."



Andre at 21 with a nephew at his parents' home in France.

Like most people who drink because they enjoy it rather than because they have to, Andre isn't bothered overmuch by the occasional dry period. Last year, for example, after an extended trip to Japan and Australia, he found that his weight had reached the unacceptably high figure of 540 pounds, whereupon he put himself on a strict diet—no alcohol, and only one meal a day. In four weeks he dropped 80 pounds, which becomes less surprising with the realization that he consumes approximately 7,000 calories in alcohol a day.

As for his efforts at table, Andre seems to eat less than might be expected, though, of course, far more than the average person. Four eggs, bacon, hash browns, four pieces of whole wheat toast, a pint of orange juice and two iced coffees suffice to break his nightly fast, and his evening meal, generally taken several hours before his match, will depend on where he is in the world, although the quantity will be about twice that consumed by your garden variety gourmand. Occasionally, however, he will hold back on the alcohol and give full play to his appetite. He recently recounted an evening spent in a small, second-rate restaurant. "I was tired, boss, and I only wanted to have a quick bite and go to bed, but this waitress, she kept pointing at me and talking about me to the other customers. Then she asked me in a loud voice if a cup of soup and a cracker would be enough. And she laughed. I told her no, that I was hungry, and wished the entire menu to be brought, one dish at a time. It took me four hours to eat it all."

continued

ANDRE THE GIANT

continued

As he globe-hops, the Giant usually avoids this kind of unpleasantness by exercising great care in his choice of restaurants. He takes the same sort of delight Hemingway did in scheduling his travel arrangements so as to arrive at the time and place that will allow him a chance to have a word with the owner and local friends and sample the specialty of the house. Although he admits to a slight preference for French cuisine, he introduced me to a Korean restaurant in Manhattan, a delicatessen in Montreal and an Italian place in Albany, all of which were excellent, and all of which were owned by people who welcomed Andre as if he were family. But the spot he seemed most pleased to show me was, understandably, a delightful Montreal restaurant, *Le Pichet*, which he owns and which served a salmon mousse that was, as a friend of mine once said about a $200 bottle of German wine, all it should have been.

As I traveled with him, it was a pleasure to see how well liked Andre appears to be, by people in the game and outside it. He visited the kitchens of the restaurants he favors for a word with the staff, and wherever he wrestled he always made a special effort to speak to all the other wrestlers on the card, even, indeed especially, the men working the preliminary bouts. In bars he never failed to give his attention to those who seemed to need it most, shaking the hands of the men and touching the shoulders or the hair of the women, many of whom seem drawn to him, as women often are to men who in one way or other represent power or majesty. Everywhere he goes there are women, women who range widely in socioeconomic level, age and interest in pro wrestling, and he treats them all the same—splendidly. Andre simply enjoys the company of women, and they enjoy his. He somehow conveys, as he softly rumbles to them, *de profundis*, over a beer or four, that they will receive no shabby treatment at the hands of the Giant.

No doubt many people, both men and women, seeing the photographs accompanying this article, will find Andre awful in the old sense of the word, perhaps grotesque, a *monstre par excès*, but to see him move, to speak with him and to watch him in the world, one is more likely to form instead the impression that all aspects of the man cohere.

Even his level of energy is outsized. Many of his fellow wrestlers testify to Andre's ability to outlast them all when it comes to staying up for several days at a time, drinking, playing cards and traveling to and from the matches. Left by his life-style with no real opportunity for hobbies, Andre's primary interests seem to be in cramming as much time, friendship, conversation and provender as possible into his daily life. He is aware, of course, that of the few men who have ever been his size, most have fallen far short of their allotted three-score years and 10, but he seems outwardly unconcerned by this, and eager for the future. "I have had good fortune," he says, "and I am grateful for my life. If I were to die tomorrow, I know I have eaten more good food, drunk more beer and fine wine, had more friends and seen more of the world than most men ever will. I have had everything in life but a family, and I hope to have that one day. For now, I know a family wouldn't work, because of my traveling, but one day, who knows, I might myself have a giant for a grandson."

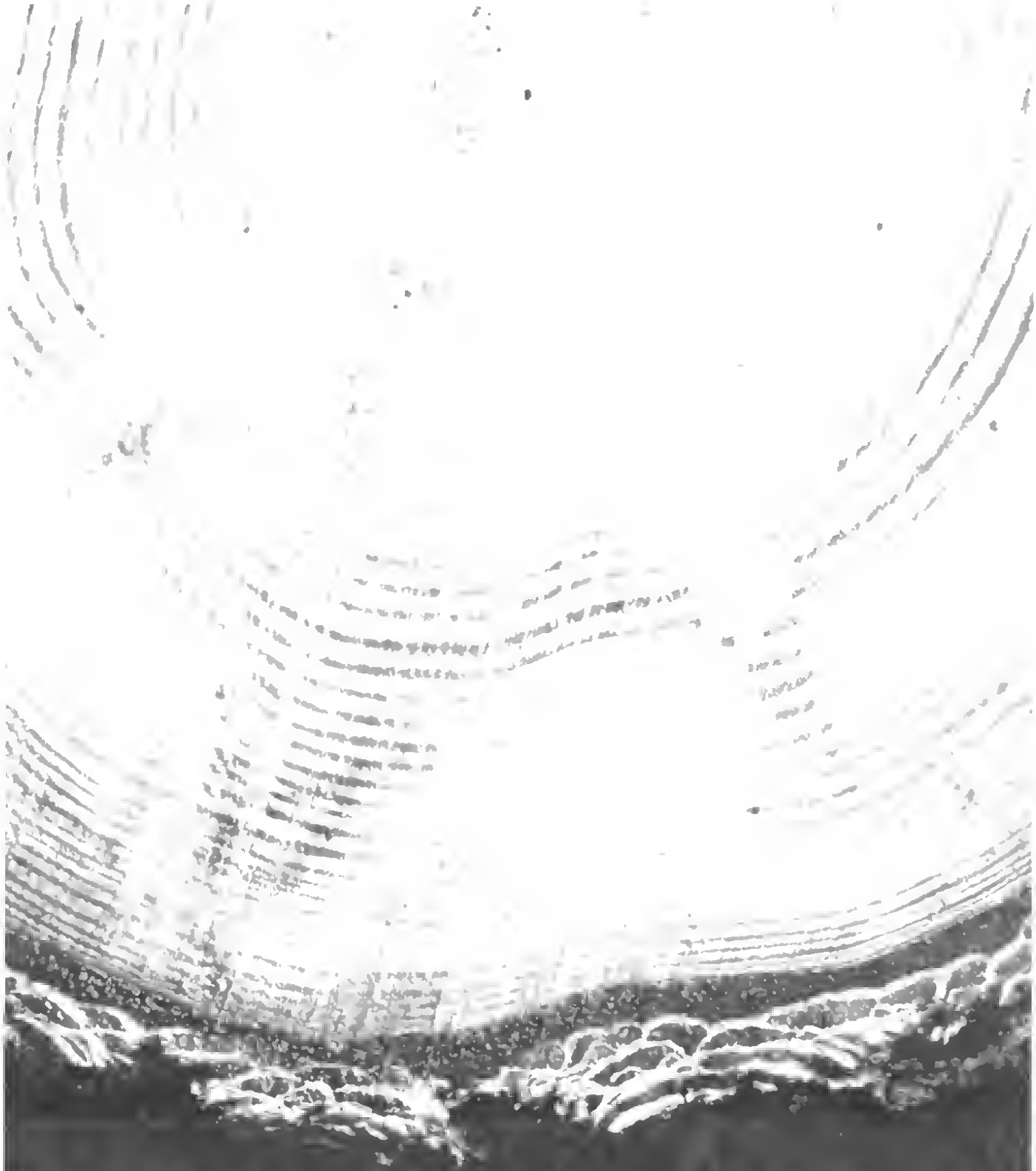
By all accounts, however, Andre's health is excellent. Until last spring, in fact, when he suffered a broken ankle, he had never been to a hospital. When he did check in, however, he caused his usual stir.

Dr. Harris S. Yett, the orthopedic surgeon at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital who repaired Andre's broken ankle last May, said the Giant was so uniformly large that all aspects of his hospitalization were difficult. Andre had suffered a bimalleolar fracture of his left ankle in a bout on April 13, when Killer Khan, a 280-pounder, mistimed a jump off the top turnbuckle. Not realizing the ankle was broken, Andre actually finished the bout and continued to perform every evening for more than a week, until at last the pain became almost too great for him to walk. According to Dr. Yett, unusual surgical tools and techniques were required for the operation; the largest screws available were needed to fix the malleolus in place, for instance. Two tourniquets had to be used end on end to encompass his thigh, and Dr. Yett de-

continued



The remains of boxer Chuck Wepner after his '76 fling with Andre in New York's Shea Stadium



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scribed Andre's cast as the largest they had ever had to make.

Fortunately, the hospital did have a nine-foot bed, but Andre presented other problems, such as the method of anesthesia and the fact that the hospital's longest pair of crutches was not quite long enough.

The operation and subsequent confinement were not without benefit. This injury was the first of any seriousness Andre had ever sustained, and the months he spent recovering on his mountaintop estate, though often frustrating, made him realize how much he had been missing because of his life of constant travel. Before long he and McMahon hope to establish a pattern of bookings that will allow Andre at least one week each month in North Carolina to work on his land, to clear more pasture for his horses. Eventually, perhaps in 10 years or so, as Andre envisions it, he will live a life in which he wrestles infrequently, working only the biggest arenas, but is active in promotion. For now, though, he circles the world as before, a colossus of back roads and big cities, a *deus ex machina* for millions of wrestling fans who pray for him to descend on their particular part of reality, lay hands on whichever evil-hearted villain is making a mockery of fair play, and briefly assuage their many, all too real, wounds.

CASE HISTORIES IN POINT:

• Dwayne, Philadelphia, Pa. Age 43, janitor in a sporting goods store. Born in West Virginia. Married, five children, 5' 5", 135 pounds. "Hell, I been coming to the rasslin' for years. I love ol' Andre. These damn Moondogs has got all out of hand. Rex—that big 'un—why, he come in here a couple weeks ago gnawin' on a damn bone big as my arm—hell, *bigger* 'n my arm. He was wavin' it around and carryin' on, that wild hair stickin' out. It kinda got me sick, him and that damn bone. It still had some damn meat on it. Hell, it did! But didn't old Andre put the skids to him tonight? Snatched that Moondog up by his damn belt and hauled him around the ring like a suitcase. I tell you, it done my heart good."

• Arpine, New York, N.Y. Fiftyish, employed in a doughnut shop. Born in Armenia. Divorced, no children. 5' 4", around 200 pounds. "This Khan guy, goom-bah! I can't wait to see him get it. He broke Andre's ankle and now he's going to pay. He's a fatbelly coward and tonight he's going to get it. I don't think he can even talk English. All he does is scream in that high voice and puff his lips out. Last month they disqualified him before Andre could get even, but tonight's Andre's night. He'll go right after Khan and butt his head. And then he'll bodydrop him. I love to see him do that. Imagine that much weight crashing down. Goombah! I brought him some fresh doughnuts, and the policeman down there said he'd take them back to the dressing room. Do you think a dozen is enough?"

• Thomas, a/k/a Punkin, Atlanta. Age 23, unemployed. Born in Talbot County, Ga. Single, lives with his grandmother. Paralyzed from the waist down and confined to a wheelchair. "The Giant is my man. The Giant and Tony Atlas. They be two bad dudes. *Bad* dudes. Andre, he shook my hand last time he was down here. I got his picture at home, where he be standing so tall and holding up these four girls. The man is bad. He ain't afraid of nobody. He rough, all right, but he always fight clean till they mess with him. He don't talk none of that trash like some of them do. He just stand up there like a man and put 'em all down. He the Giant, and he and Tony my two main men."

When Andre himself was a poor country boy in France, he wanted more than anything to travel, to make money, to be somebody. And because of his size, his physical abilities and a fair bit of luck, he has traveled and made money and become, without question, somebody. In fact, with the exception of Muhammad Ali, Andre the Giant is quite possibly the most widely recognized active athlete in the world.



Andre's parents today: the Roussimoffs in the farmhouse kitchen

The thing in his life of which he is proudest is that he has fulfilled his boyhood dreams. He helps his family now. He has a grand home and possessions and a worldwide circle of friends, and he eats and drinks of the best. In fact, except for the inconveniences caused by his size, he has a singularly good and happy life, a life that was made possible by professional wrestling.

As the fans pour through the doors of the arenas where he works, the money they pay to glory as he smites their common enemies goes to fuel his lifestyle. Andre has the fans and the fans have Andre. The circle is complete. Would the world be a better place if Andre drove a road-grading machine in North Africa, as he once planned to do? Or if the Dwaynes and Arpines and Punkins had to live without the thought of the Giant to sustain them? Let it be. May they all live happily ever after. **END**

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First Person

by JILL LIEBER

WHAT WAS A NICE GIRL LIKE THIS DOING IN GRID CLASS? MINDING HER X's AND O's

It was inevitable, I guess. After all, how many little girls beg for a football helmet for their fourth birthday? And how many of them tell the coach of their ninth-grade intramural flag-football team to play me or trade me? "You're a young lady," my mother used to say, shaking her head. "Honestly, sometimes I think you forget that."

What did she expect? I grew up in Packer country when Bart Starr could do no wrong and Vince Lombardi was always right. Every July I made a pilgrimage to Green Bay with my father to watch the Packers practice. Every fall I'd tuck myself inside a stadium bag and brave the cold to watch the green and gold.

"You're your father's daughter," my mother would say as we went out the door with our binoculars dangling from the shoulders of our ski jackets. "Sometimes I think you sit in those below-zero temperatures just to get out of cleaning your room."

So when I called home one winter afternoon during my junior year at Stanford, bubbling over with my exciting news, my parents weren't the least bit surprised to hear me say, "I'm taking a course called Theory and Technique of Football."

My father was elated at the thought of my studying with Bill Walsh, then the Stanford head coach, now the head coach of the San Francisco 49ers. It wasn't a thought to elate my mother, of course.

"Walsh is an offensive genius," my dad said.

"I'll be learning from the best," I agreed. "He made Ken Anderson. He turned San Diego into a real power. . . "

"But, Jill," my mother said, "do you realize that with the exorbitant tuition at Stanford, classes are worth $45 an hour? What ever happened to calculus or chemistry? You always liked French. How about a French class? Why don't you take something taught by a Nobel Prizewinner?"

'Football isn't for young ladies' seemed to be the underlying, familiar message.

Soon after, under the guidance of my professors—that is, football coaches like Doug Single, Norb Hecker, Dennis Green and Walsh—I doodled X's and O's for an entire quarter. I was enraptured by the intricacies of draw plays, flex defenses, post patterns, hooks and curls, 3-4's, 4-3's, nickel D's, and I's and T's. Twice a week we watched films, backward and forward—Hold it! Stop that play! See Guy Benjamin throw the ball. See James Lofton catch it.

I became fascinated with line play. I'd close my eyes and try to imagine what it felt like to be hit by Gordy King, a 6′ 6″, 265-pound offensive tackle, although I probably didn't even come close. I marveled at the sixth sense of defensive backs. They always seemed to float to the ball.

My grades arrived in the mail while I was home in Wisconsin during spring break. Theory and Technique of Football: A plus. "Well," my mother said, now resigned to the fact that if I was going to be on her team I'd be wearing jeans and a faded jersey, not nylons and high heels, "at least it will bring up your grade-point."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK McDONNE...



But it wasn't until the 1980 football season, four years later, when I was assigned to cover the University of Wisconsin football team for *The Milwaukee Sentinel*, that the class really paid off. After the Badgers lost 35–0 to UCLA, I pointed out in my story that the Wisconsin defensive players had jumped on the Bruins' backs, tackling above the waist. "You can't stop anybody unless you aim at their center of gravity," I wrote. "That's one of the basics."

And when the Badgers lost to Indiana 24–0, I figured out why the Hoosiers had eaten Wisconsin alive. "The Badgers' offensive line gave away the plays," I wrote. "On pass plays, the UW linemen sat back on their heels and dropped their rear ends to enable them to stand up and protect the quarterback more quickly. On running plays, the offensive linemen leaned forward to enable them to fire out right away." The Indiana defense agreed with me and, after viewing the films, the Badger coaches did too.

"My daughter the football coach," my mother started saying. I think she was actually beginning to like the idea.

But my biggest satisfaction came the next week when Bill Dudley, Wisconsin's offensive coordinator, cornered me in a hotel lobby the night before the 1–4 Badgers were to play Michigan State. The coaches had discovered I'd taken the football class after I'd asked them some questions about the blocking in the offensive line. They didn't expect questions like that from most sportswriters, much less a young woman. Dudley had a desperate look on his face. The Badgers badly needed a stronger attack.

"Listen," he said, "I heard you took a football class from Walsh at Stanford. Last year we took a trip to the West Coast to learn more about passing offenses. We went to a number of schools that shared their strategies with us. The only school that wouldn't let us look at its films was Stanford. Let me see the notes from your class. C'mon. Tell me everything you know about Walsh's offense. How does he do it?"

I laughed. And for the next three hours, he tried to wheedle information about Stanford's complex passing offense out of me. We talked X's and O's. We kicked around football trivia—"Let me tell you a great Woody Hayes story," Dudley said. And, "You want to know the inside scoop on Gerry Faust and Moeller High in Cincinnati?" And we exchanged thoughts on the psychology of coaching.

I never showed him my notes or divulged the specifics of the Stanford playbook, but the experience made me glad I hadn't chosen the path of a young lady and instead had enrolled in Theory and Technique of Football. It has turned out to be one of the best and most useful classes I ever took at Stanford. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 7-13

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—After seven straight losses Atlanta beat Boston 108–97. That defeat kept the Celtics a game behind Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division despite the 76ers' week-ending 127–108 loss to Central Division-leading Milwaukee on Sunday night. It was the Bucks' eighth victory in a row. San Antonio, tops in the Midwest, won its sixth straight, 111–97 over Utah with George Gervin scoring 40, while Pacific leader Los Angeles beat Golden State 122–118 for its fifth consecutive win.

BOXING—SAMUEL SERRANO successfully defended his WBA junior lightweight title with a 12th-round TKO over Hikaru Tomonari in San Juan.

JEFF CHANDLER retained his WBA bantamweight championship title by knocking out Eijiro Murata in the 13th round in Atlantic City.

SALVADOR SANCHEZ won a split decision over Pat Cowdell in Houston to keep his WBC featherweight crown.

BULL RIDING—DON GAY won his seventh world championship at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, tying the record of Jim Shoulders set between 1951 and 1959.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—In Division II championship games SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE beat North Dakota State 42–13 to win the NCAA title in McAllen, Texas, and AUSTIN COLLEGE of Sherman, Texas and CONCORDIA COLLEGE of Moorhead, Minn. tied 24–24 in Sherman to share the NAIA crown. Texas A&M beat Oklahoma State 33–16 in the Independence Bowl in Shreveport, La., and Tennessee won 28–21 over Wisconsin in the Garden State Bowl in East Rutherford, N.J.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. Twenty teams went into last weekend with at least a mathematical chance to make the playoffs, and 18 came out in the same condition. Cincinnati clinched the AFC Central title with a 17–10 win at Pittsburgh, which had lost at Oakland 30–27 on Monday night. The Raiders fell from contention with a 23–6 loss to Chicago. Houston lost 28–6 to NFC West champion San Francisco (*page 18*). Miami defeated Kansas City 17–7 to maintain a half-game lead in the AFC East over Buffalo. The Bills assured themselves of a wild-card spot with a 19–10 triumph at New England, while the Jets stayed alive by beating Cleveland 14–13. In the AFC West Denver defeated Seattle 23–13 to earn at least a tie for the division title with San Diego. The Chargers edged Tampa Bay 24–23 on a 29-yard field goal by Rolf Benirschke with 25 seconds remaining and kept the Buccaneers from clinching the NFC Central title. Detroit was still breathing, tied with Tampa Bay, after a 45–7 defeat of Minnesota, as was Green Bay after its 35–7 triumph at New Orleans in which Packer Lynn Dickey completed 19 of 21 passes and threw for five TDs. Dallas clinched the NFC East championship with a 20–10 victory over Philadelphia, which remains in the running for a wild-card berth along with the Giants, who beat St. Louis 20–10, and Washington, which defeated Baltimore 34–18.

HOCKEY—Minnesota, winless in five games, got a lift Saturday when Defenseman Dan Poulin, who had come up from the North Stars' Nashville farm team on Friday, scored on his first NHL shot to spark a 6–3 victory over Chicago that kept the North Stars on top in the Norris Division. Buffalo maintained its Adams Division lead with two triumphs, 7–1 over Colorado and 4–2 at Detroit, and a 4–4 tie with Quebec. The Islanders could have gone ahead of Philadelphia in the Patrick Division standings with a win or draw at Edmonton on Sunday, but the Oilers, No. 1 in the Smythe Division, won 4–3.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL. St. Louis lost its first game of the season, 5–2 to New Jersey, but held on to the top spot in the Western Division, while New York, No. 1 in the East, won twice—9–3 at Kansas City and 9–7 at Memphis.

NASL. In his first indoor game ever, Giorgio Chinaglia got seven goals to pace the Cosmos, tied for second in the American Conference East, to a 14–10 win over Chicago. In the Pacific Conference, Vancouver was No. 1 in the Northwest, while Portland beat San Jose 5–0 to take the lead in the West.

TENNIS—In the Davis Cup finals in Cincinnati, the U.S. beat Argentina three matches to one (*page 24*).

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: As coach of the Utah Jazz, TOM NISSALKE, 46, *after the team's 8–12 start this season.* His three-year record is 60–124. General Manager Frank Leyden was named interim coach.

As head football coach at South Carolina, JIM CARLEN, 48, whose team went 6–6 in 1981. In seven seasons at USC, Carlen had a 45–36–1 record.

NAMED: As winner of the 1981 Lombardi Trophy as the nation's best college football lineman, Texas Defensive Tackle KENNETH SIMS, 22.

PLACED ON PROBATION: For two years by the NCAA, the UCLA basketball team for violations committed between 1977 and '80. The Bruins are ineligible for this season's NCAA tournament and must return their 1980 second-place trophy.

SIGNED: After a nine-week holdout, Milwaukee Buck Forward MARQUES JOHNSON, 25, to an eight-year contract worth a reported million dollars per annum.

As free agents: By the Chicago Cubs, pitchers BILL CAMPBELL, 33, most recently of the Boston Red Sox, and FERGUSON JENKINS, 38, late of the Texas Rangers; by the Los Angeles Dodgers, longtime Baltimore Oriole Shortstop MARK BELANGER, 37, and by the Toronto Blue Jays, Catcher BUCK MARTINEZ, 33, formerly of the Milwaukee Brewers and Totonto.

SOLD: Philadelphia Phillie Catcher BOB BOONE, 34, to the California Angels, and Cleveland Indian righthander MIKE STANTON, 29, to St. Louis.

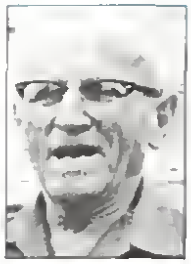
TRADED: During baseball's winter meetings in Hollywood, Fla., Chicago Cub lefthander DOUG CAPILLA, 29, to the San Francisco Giants for righty ALLEN RIPLEY, also 29, Cub righthander MIKE KRUKOW, 29, and a player to be named later, to Philadelphia for Catcher KEITH MORELAND, 27, and pitchers DICKIE NOLES, 25, and DAN LARSON, 27; Los Angeles Dodger righty RICK SUTCLIFFE, 25, and a minor-leaguer, to the Cleveland Indians for Outfielder JORGE ORTA, 31, and two minor-leaguers; San Francisco Outfielder LARRY HERNDON, 28, to Detroit for Pitcher DAN SCHATZEDER, 27, and a minor-leaguer; Seattle Mariner Third Baseman-Outfielder DAN MEYER, 29, to the Oakland A's for a minor-leaguer; Giant Outfielder JERRY MARTIN, 32, to the Kansas City Royals for righty pitchers RICH GALE, 27, and BILL LASKEY, 24; St. Louis Cardinal Outfielder SIXTO LEZCANO, 28, and a player to be named later, to the San Diego Padres for Pitcher STEVE MURA, a 26-year-old righty, and a player to be named; Kansas City Outfielder CLINT HURDLE, 24, to the Cincinnati Reds for a minor-leaguer; Pittsburgh Pirate Shortstop TIM FOLI, 31, to the California Angels for a minor-leaguer; Giant righty TOM GRIFFIN, 33, to Pittsburgh for a minor-leaguer; Seattle Outfielder-First Baseman TOM PACIOREK, 35, to the Chicago White Sox for Catcher JIM ESSIAN, 30; Shortstop TODD CRUZ, 26, and Outfielder ROD ALLEN, 22, Texas Ranger Reliever JIM KERN, 32, to the New York Mets for Second Baseman DOUG FLYNN, 30, and a minor-leaguer; Met Shortstop FRANK TAVERAS, 30, to the Montreal Expos for a minor-leaguer and cash.

DIED: LEON RICHARDSON, 21, a co-captain of the University of California at Davis basketball team, after collapsing during a game with the College of Notre Dame in Davis.

CREDITS

4—Manny Rubio. 18,19—Andy Hayt. 20 21—Peter Read Miller (top left); Andy Hayt (2). 22,23—Peter Read Miller. 24 25—Adam Stoltman (top); Manny Millan. 26—John Iacono. 27—Tony Triolo. 28—John Iacono (top); Tony Triolo. 29—John Iacono. 30—Tony Tomsic. 31—Rich Clarkson. 32—Tony Tomsic. 35—Rich Clarkson. 36-38—Andy Hayt. 41—Art Seitz (top); Eric Schweikardt. 42—Andy Hayt (top); Art Seitz. 43—Art Seitz. 44—Jerry Cooke. 47—Richard Mackson. 48—Vladimir Schov. 50—Thomas Banks. 81 86—Vladimir Schov. 58 81—Richard Mackson. 64—Paul Kannady. 73—Ronald C. Modra. 74—Ronald C. Modra (top); Manny Millan. 89—Agence Presse-Sports. 90—AP. 82—Jean Lattes. 87—Jack Leonard; James Karmodi Lightner.

FACES IN THE CROWD



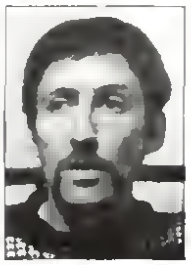
BEN FORNEY
ROTHSVILLE, PA.

Forney, 77, a semi-retired livestock dealer, rode as the No. 1 player in 28 of 33 games this season for the Lancaster Polo Club of Rothsville. Believed to be the oldest active polo player in the country, he has been competing for 44 years.



TAMI MAIDA
PHILOMATH, ORE.

Tami, a 5'4", 117-pound freshman, ran for a TD and threw for a two-point conversion while quarterbacking the Philomath High freshmen to a 46–6 football win over Taft and the J.V. to a 26–0 defeat of Elmira. All the other players were male.



DAN CONWAY
CHILTON, WIS.

Conway, 42, a phys. ed. teacher, won the National Masters 10-km. road race with a clocking of 31:01.4—the second fastest ever by an American masters runner. A week later, he won the National Masters 15-km. race in 48:29.0.



PAULA STASHIS
TOPSFIELD, MASS.

Paula, a senior forward, had 106 goals and 46 assists in leading the Masconomet Regional High girls' soccer team to a record of 58–10–4 over four years. She is believed to have set a girls' national record by hitting the 100-goal career mark.



BILL STROMBERG
CATONSVILLE, MD.

Stromberg, a senior wide receiver at Johns Hopkins, caught 11 passes in a 20–14 victory over Western Maryland to set an NCAA Division II and III record for career receptions with 259. In his four years, he had 3,790 yards in receptions.



DAWN HILL
NEW CASTLE, DEL.

Dawn, a senior at William Penn High, paced her school's field hockey team to an 11–1–1 record by scoring 40 of its 63 goals. She batted .469 last spring as an all-state softball catcher and was the school's 1980-81 MVP in girls' basketball.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE NEW DORSETT

Sir:

My compliments to Rick Telander for his incisive and solidly written story on Tony Dorsett (*Hell on Wheels*, Dec. 7). I particularly admired the balanced coverage he gave his subject—one that matched the kind of balance Dorsett has on the field.

WILLIAM E. COLLS JR.
Professor of English
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Since reading an SI article about Tony Dorsett when he was a senior at Pitt, I've had no respect for him as a person: His ego was too much to handle. However, it does say in Rick Telander's fine article that Tony D is realizing, through a good marriage and fine friends, that there's more to life than just himself. There is hope.

DAN DORN
Aurora, Colo.

Sir:

I've always admired Tony Dorsett as a running back, and now I respect him as a man. The positive recognition you have given him was long overdue.

DONALD FREEDENBERG
Buffalo

Sir:

Rick Telander writes: "Still it is remarkable that no one has ever stopped [Tony Dorsett], at any level." When Dorsett was burning college defenses at Pitt he had the misfortune to play in Memorial Stadium (Owen Field) in Norman, Okla. The Sooner defense held him to 17 yards in 12 carries, and a safety named Scott Hill delivered one of the finest one-on-one shots ever in college football when Dorsett attempted to turn the left corner. Result: Dorsett ended up on his backside four yards behind the point of impact. Dorsett is a superb athlete and deserving of the credit Telander gives him. However, he is human and he has been stopped.

WILLIAM T. WITT
Pryor, Okla.

Sir:

Even as a career Redskins fan, I enjoyed your article about the Cowboys' Tony Dorsett. However, as a safety-conscious motorcyclist, I cringed in disbelief when I saw how Tony was dressed when riding his Kawasaki. If Dorsett goes down attired like that, it will likely be the last pileup he'll be involved in. Quick, Tex Schramm, get this man some proper riding gear!

TOMMY D. LEE
Alexandria, Va.

LANDON TURNER'S EXAMPLE

Sir:

William F. Reed's article (*Indiana's Captain Courageous*, Dec. 7) about Landon Turner and how Turner has rebounded from the automobile accident that robbed him of his athletic future was truly special. Turner's play in the 1981 NCAA tournament was the key to Indiana's national championship, but his performance in the game of life has been even better. I wish Landon much luck in his uphill struggle. I also take my hat off to Indiana Coach Bobby Knight for making such special effort in behalf of his injured player.

CHRIS HAVERN
Malverne, N.Y.

Sir:

I found your article on Landon Turner very rewarding and helpful. I was a running back for San Diego State this season until I was involved in an automobile accident on Oct. 31. I broke my right foot, badly injured my heel and was unable to finish the season. I was in shock over having lost the remainder of this, my final year, and I felt that I had been the victim of a raw deal—I had also missed the '80 season because of an operation on my right Achilles tendon. After reading the article on Turner, however, I suddenly realized how small my problem was and that I was indeed fortunate. While I may have missed some games, here is a man who not only is missing a shot at certain stardom, but also is facing the loss of the use of his legs. I want to thank you for a story that was more than a tale of statistics. It was one that helped me put things back in perspective. Good luck to Landon Turner.

STEVE FOGEL
San Diego

Sir:

William F. Reed's article is the most touching story I've ever read. So that hard-shelled ogre, Bobby Knight, has been exposed for what he really is. Now we all know what Hoosier fans have known all along. Knight is a kind, thoughtful, compassionate man.

HOWARD A. GROOMS
Destin, Fla.

EDDIE JOHNSON'S TROUBLES

Sir:

Having been an all-too-frequent guest of a local psychiatric institution from the time I was 18 until I was 26 years old, I read your article (*Blinded by the Light*, Dec. 7) on Fast Eddie Johnson of the Atlanta Hawks with considerable interest. What it took me about 10 years to learn—and possibly what Eddie needs to learn—is that for persons with emotional problems, making the wrong choices, such as using dangerous drugs and socializing with the wrong people, can have especially troublesome results.

What the public needs to learn is that drug and/or alcohol usage, while no doubt exacerbating the effects of emotional ailments, is often merely an indicator of the illness and not its underlying cause. As long as the ignorant masses point an accusing finger instead of offering a helping hand to the Eddie Johnsons of the world, progress in psychiatry and in the rehabilitation of those burdened with emotional illness is going to be slow. I am heartened by the patience of men like Stan Kasten and Mike Gearon of the Hawks.

ROY DAWKINS, R.N.
Atlanta

Sir:

Bruce Newman's article is a brilliant dissection of Eddie Johnson's mind and body. As an Atlanta Hawks fan and a physician who knew of Johnson's mental state several years ago, I hope that he stays on his lithium—his best hope to slow his racing mind and calm his erratic behavior.

WILLIAM HAYLING, M.D.
Marina Del Rey, Calif.

Sir:

I didn't have to be a writer to appreciate the time, objectivity, warmth and thoroughness Bruce Newman put into his piece on Eddie Johnson. But it helped.

STEVE KORNACKI
The Ann Arbor News
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

While your articles on the personal lives of athletes—such as those in the Dec. 7 issue on Tony Dorsett and Landon Turner—tend to be well-written, penetrating and entertaining, you went too far with your pseudopsychiatric analysis of Eddie Johnson.

When will you realize that an athlete—just like a businessman, street cleaner or reporter—is entitled to a private life? How would the writer like it if his personal affairs were published alongside his articles? Not very much, I think. So why not give Johnson the same courtesy? As long as he's playing basketball—and darned good basketball—let him and his family deal with his problems. And you deal with your own.

GWEN A. BAUMANN
Gainesville, Fla.

KUNN ON "FIRST"

Sir:

I have just read Robert W. Creamer's review of *The First* (THEATER, Nov. 30). I could not agree with him more strongly. I was there opening night and came away saying this is first-class entertainment. That was the unani-

continued



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NEW YORK
OCTOBER 27, 1982–JANUARY 3, 1983

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mous reaction of all the people I talked to. The music may not be great, but many outstanding shows have survived that defect because they had other obvious strengths. And this show has other obvious strengths in good measure. I really had a hard time crediting the negative reviews.

BOWIE K. KUHN
Commissioner of Baseball
New York City

TINY, BUT GOOD

Sir:

Concerning your SCORECARD item (Dec. 7) about the Gleason (Tenn.) High School football team, which finished the season with an 8–3 record despite the school's having an enrollment of only 155 students, 63 of them boys, I feel the accomplishments of Hardin-Central Public High School of Hardin, Mo. (population approximately 700) deserve mention. Hardin-Central has an enrollment in Grades 9 through 12 of only 68 students and is the smallest high school in Missouri that plays 11-man football. Despite the small enrollment, over the past four years Hardin-Central, under the direction of Principal and Coach Gary O'Neal, has 1) lost only one regular-season game, 2) advanced to the state Class A playoffs four times, 3) won four conference championships, 4) won three district championships, 5) won one state championship and 6) finished the season ranked first (1980), second (1979), third (1978) and eighth (1981) in the state.

JIMMIE DEAN
Superintendent
Hardin-Central Public Schools
Hardin, Mo.

Sir:

St. Stephen (S.C.) Academy is a small private school that has just completed its fourth season of football competition. In our first year, 13 boys came out for the team. In our second, we had 16 boys. We became a member of the South Carolina Independent Athletic Association in 1980, our third year, and with 25 boys on our team, we finished as the Class A state runner-up with a 12–1 record. This past season, which ended on Nov. 27, we were the Class A state champions with a 13–1 record. This school year we have only 120 students in Grades 1 through 12 and only 29 boys in Grades 9 through 12, of whom 23 were on the football team.

It just goes to show that good things do come in small packages.

JERRY THROWER
Football Coach
St. Stephen Academy
St. Stephen, S.C.

TRANSPACIFIC FLIGHTS

Sir:

I am writing concerning an item in SCORECARD (Nov. 23). Like the crew of the balloon *Double Eagle V*, which got far less ink for crossing the Pacific than those aboard *Double Eagle II* got for transiting the Atlantic in 1978, my grandfather got almost no publicity for a tremendous feat. I am referring to Hugh Herndon Jr., who with his partner, Clyde Pangborn, made aviation's first non-stop transpacific flight, in 1931. Their plane was named *Miss Veedol*. A flight across the Pacific is much longer and tougher than a flight across the Atlantic, but who ever heard of Hugh Herndon, Clyde Pangborn or *Miss Veedol*? Almost everyone, though, is familiar with Charles Lindbergh and the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Is there no justice? Surely a great feat like the one achieved by my grandfather deserves some recognition!

MICKEY HERNDON
Eureka, Mo.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

While this letter is no doubt too late to have any influence on your selection of the 1981 Sportsman of the Year, may I suggest that the greatest sportsman of all time is Edwin Moses. Few, if any, athletes have ever dominated an event as he has the 400-meter intermediate hurdles.

WILLIAM J. EISENTRAGER
Fowler, Calif.

Sir:

Concerning Sportsman of the Year, I can think of many deserving candidates. How about Fernando Valenzuela, Rollie Fingers, Mike Schmidt or Pete Rose? Or Craig Morton or Eric Hipple? Or Bear Bryant, Marcus Allen or Jim McMahon? Larry Bird or Isiah Thomas? John McEnroe? Wayne Gretzky? Sugar Ray Leonard? How about a group award?

STEVE O'BRIEN
Kankakee, Ill.

Sir:

Fernando.

J. STEIN
Bismarck, N. Dak.

Sir:

I never thought I would say it: Bobby Knight for Sportsman of the Year.

ROB WEISBERG
Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

Keep in mind Bing Crosby's son Nathaniel. His come-from-behind win in the U.S. Amateur will surely be long remembered.

CHARLES REED
Unity, Maine

Sir:

Bill Shoemaker. Please.

RICK WINET
El Centro, Calif.

Sir:

The fan.

MICHAEL BRYAND
Cranston, R.I.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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